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THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

With Photographic Illustrations by Mathilde Weil

Fifth Chapter

"IF I'd known you really intended to barter the restful life of the South for a swim in this whirlpool, I would have said 'No; don't do it, Lee,'" said Louis Chester to Wilmot, when, travel-stained and buoyant, the latter reached New York two days later. "Not that you would have paid the slightest heed to my advice, but I would have felt relieved by giving it. For a cold, one can take quinine; for heart trouble, atropine—or matrimony; for every ill there is a cure; but for literary aspiration, complicated with a feverish desire to get to New York, there is but one real cure—New York. How many bright young men have come here to win literary immortality and have won only—a hall bedroom and a gas stove. Pardon this outburst of philosophy, old fellow, but let me tell you, your fame reached here before you did. You are already known. Your chances of literary reputation have already been weighed in the balance by the small, select circle that constitutes the literary Sanhedrim of Gotham. Did you feast your eyes over last month's Current Fiction?"

"I have never seen it. What's in it, Chester? Why should it interest me any? Kindly get down to plain English. I'm too tired to follow your verbal fireworks. What is this Current Fiction?"

"Good gracious, where do you live? It's a new eclectic magazine that is very popular with literary folks. The number I speak of reprinted your story, The Repentance of Milburn, from The Echo. In an editorial, the editor declared it a gem, a—a—he said lots of nice things about it. I've heard it mentioned in a great many places. Frank Harrison read it to a crowd of us the other night in his rooms, and the boys said it was great. I suppose it was The Decade acceptance that caused you to break away from good old Daleville. I've told that experience of yours a dozen times. Harrison says it was simply tragic. What did the editor say when you returned the check?"

"He simply thanked me, and said he regretted the mistake."

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"Not a word of encouragement to submit something else?" asked Chester. "Then it wasn't The Decade that was responsible for bringing you to New York."

"No; it was my novel," said Wilmot. "I have found a publisher for it."

"Ah, I might have guessed it! Few men have the courage to remain in retirement during the calm preceding the storm of a first appearance. I have had my first scrapbook. I pasted into it every newspaper mention of myself. If I went to a tea, and was mentioned along with a lot of celebrities, I always blue-penciled my name and preserved it entire. I had the proofs of my first novel bound in Russian leather. Only the man receiving the first copy acknowledged it. Said he'd read it when he had time, but I really don't think he would have read it if he had had eternity.

"There's been an awful slump in my market," Chester went on, carried along by the memory of his early hopes. "I got only one request last month for my autograph, and I began to hedge by saving the stamp. It was from a young lady in Maine. She had some sort of spinal affliction that kept her in bed twenty-four hours a day. She said my stories were the only comfort she got out of life. It was touching, I assure you, and, in a spasm of vanity, I got out the package in which I had tied all requests for my autograph. Imagine my chagrin when I found ten, out of the twenty requests I had received in the past, were from girls with spinal affliction; they all lived in the same town in Maine, and had the same handwriting. Every time I had published a new story she spotted me as a beginner and asked for my autograph.

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"That very night there was a lot of fellows in this room, and James Fitch Ellerton began to talk of his work. Incidentally, he mentioned he had just got something which did him more good than all the checks he had ever received. It had drawn tears to his eyes and been a mental tonic to him.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I hold in my hand a letter from a poor girl confined to her bed with spinal disease.'

"He paused to take the letter from the envelope, and I broke in:

"'I'll bet a box of cigars she lives at W——, Maine; and your stories are the one thing that makes life worth living for her.'

"Ellerton stared, then he said:

"'Chester, you've read this letter!'

"'Not that, but ten like it,' I said, throwing my collection on the table, and they all laughed. But, seriously, tell me about the novel, Lee; who is to bring it out?"

"Wellington and Clegg."

"Good people," answered Chester; "that is, fairly good. I think, perhaps, they are publishing too many books, but you needn't lose any sleep over that; it isn't your lookout. What terms?"

"Ten per cent., royalty," returned Wilmot. "They wanted me to give them the royalty on the first two thousand, but I preferred having it myself. I'm democratic in most things, but I've a great respect for Royalty. So, I refused their offer to monopolize it."

"Good!" exclaimed Chester. "That's true grit. I had even to accept the last refuge of hopeless authors, and spent quite a sum of money before my first publisher would consent to present the book to the world. I had to put up hard-earned coin as collateral to support my hope in the book. The publishers were like that girl in Maine—they didn't have good backbone. Wellington and Clegg must have liked your story."

"They said nothing of its merits until the papers were signed, then they praised it, and wanted me to agree to write another."

"And——?"

"I told them I would wait till the book was out and think the matter over."

"I admire your pluck for a beginner. When will the book appear?"

"In about four weeks or so."

"Rather early, but you must work it up in the meantime. I'll introduce you to some of the critics, and if they take a liking to you they will give you a boom; being a new man is decidedly in your favor—you have no past to live down."

"I'll be glad to meet any friends of yours," said Wilmot, rising, "but I really want my work judged on its merits."

"Oh, of course, I understand that," said Chester quickly, and he followed his friend across the corridor into another room. "I hope you will like this cubby-hole. I told Mrs. McGowan, the landlady, that you were a friend of mine, and she will look after your comfort. There are some nice people in the building—Frank Harrison, first door next to mine; and Weyland has his studio at the top."

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"It will be an inspiration to know you are at work under the same roof, old fellow," replied Wilmot.

"Oh, I haven't done a literary thing in six months; I am only making cord-wood now."

"Cord-wood?" echoed Wilmot; "pardon me if I ask you to explain all technical terms to me. 'Cord-wood' is beyond me."

"It's matter bought by measurement," smiled Chester. "We get so much a foot. We take a look at the editorial woodshed and bid on filling it. It is not so much a matter of brains and genius, as muscle. Most of us use typewriters. The big contractors dictate to shorthand scribblers, who sublet the work to people who do copying at bread-and-water prices. That is one reason I was afraid you might not get on at first, for, judging you by your carefully written

Editor's Note—This serial of literary life in New York was begun in No. 48 of the Post.

"FOR HEART TROUBLE ONE CAN TAKE ATROPINE—OR MATRIMONY"

sketches, you must be a most conscientious writer. A conscience is all right. It doesn't hurt a man at all to have one, but he mustn't waste it in his work. Whether you will ever get over it I don't know, but this is not the age for conscientious work. I saw a list of six English writers yesterday, all of whom write from four to eight thousand words a day—merely as a matter of business."

"I don't think that sort of thing can ever be right," said Wilmot. "I don't want anything of mine to be published till I have done my best on it."

"I sized you up that way," said Chester. "It seems to me that the place for you is the country, where board's cheap. You ought to have a week for polishing a paragraph, and then should take a day off for recreation before beginning another. If you stay here you will get gloriously over all that. Your literary conscience will get hardened. When I first came here I had your views, but now it is a neck-and-neck race for shekels. Fame is all right in its place, but you can't pay bills with it. I'm getting to be like Ellerton. He says he is in it for the cash he can get out of it—see?"

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Wilmot laughed good-naturedly.

"Notwithstanding this, I am going to stick to art for art's sake," he said. "I shall stick to it if I starve at it."

"If it is starvation you are hungering for," said Chester, "you can certainly get all you want; but you haven't been tested. Wait till you're disgusted with your efforts that won't bring you enough cash to keep you in clean collars; wait till an empty stomach drives out the tenants of your brain; wait till you begin to smart under your inability to keep pace, financially, with men not half equal to you, mentally; wait, I say, Lee, till—till you are forty years of age, and love a woman, and would rather die a thousand times than give her up, and yet know she would expect you to hold your own with the rest; that her people would expect you to do it; and that her love would die if you failed. Ah, you don't know what you are talking about!"

Chester's tone had changed so remarkably that Wilmot stared at him in wonder. Both of them were silent for a moment, then Wilmot said:

"What is the matter, old man?"

"Why do you ask?" inquired Chester.

"You don't seem quite like your old self. You look nervous, and not so well as when we last met."

"Oh, I'm all right," returned Chester. He sat down on Wilmot's sofa and folded his hands over his knee. "But I am really concerned about you, and—and your future. By-the-way, what has become of Miss Muriel Fairchild?"

"She is still at Dadeville. She was very well when I left."

Chester's eyes met Wilmot's steadily.

"She is a wonderfully fine girl," he said. "I saw a good deal of her, here, last winter. She has a tip-top voice. She is a staunch friend of yours, and has great faith in your future."

"I am glad you like her," said Wilmot simply; "she is the best friend I have."

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"I say, Lee," began Chester awkwardly, and he laid his hand on Wilmot's knee familiarly; "pardon what I am going to say, but remember I am ten years older than you, and I feel a great interest in you. Don't make the mistake I made when I was your age."

"What was that?" asked Wilmot in surprise, as Chester paused.

"I allowed the literary current I was in, at that time, to sweep me from the shores of matrimony. I ought to have married then. In following my literary will-o'-the-wisp I had actually become an unnatural man. Max Nordau is correct in saying that many literary men are crazy. They remove themselves from Nature and natural impulses. See how many literary men there are who fail to get married. No man is better adapted to home life than an author, and yet no man can so easily miss securing that sort of happiness. Don't follow in my footsteps, Lee. I'd rather never have written a line than to suffer as I do from the lonely, eccentric life I'm leading. If the dream of the other life would leave me, it might not be so bad, but it's with me always."

"I am certainly unable to marry now," replied Wilmot. "I have absolutely nothing, and, although I am twenty-eight, I have not yet made a beginning in a profession. A woman would be a fool to tie herself to me. But as for yourself, and feeling as you do, I don't see why you don't marry. You certainly earn enough to take care of a wife; your work is constantly in demand."

"There are other obstacles besides that." Chester's voice was beginning to quiver slightly, and, as he continued, he avoided Wilmot's eyes. "A man can get beyond the point of being able to be satisfied with the most perfect creature God ever made, and that is where Nature gets her revenge for a broken law. I am so wedded to an ideal that to marry any other woman would seem bigamy, and my trouble is in my never being able to reconcile the two. Get married now, Lee, if you care enough for a woman. Get married if you feed her on bread and water; but feed her, love her; make her real to you; idealize this real, and realize this ideal."

Wilmot's face had grown serious. He plainly saw that a great change had taken place in his friend. "I say, Chester," he said, half jestingly, "why be so like a guide-post, pointing the way you do not go?"

A dogged look was on Chester's face; "I am like a man who knows how to aim, knows how to shoot, but is deadly afraid to pull the trigger. I need love; I hunger for it, but I haven't the courage to marry. I'm going to my desk to write a column of jests and jingles for the Sunday Advance."

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Sixth Chapter

THE next morning Wilmot went into the landlady's sitting-room, on the first floor, to leave an order about his mail. As he was leaving he said to Mrs. McGowan:

"I found Mr. Chester's door closed as I passed; do you know if he has gone down to breakfast yet?"

Mrs. McGowan turned from her ironing-board. She seemed to study Wilmot's face as she spoke:

"I don't know whether he slept in his bed last night or not. I heard him walking the floor until after three o'clock; his room is right over mine. Then I heard him come downstairs and close the street door. If he came back, I didn't see him."

Wilmot stared in surprise as he asked:

"Is there anything wrong with him?"

Mrs. McGowan rubbed the surface of her iron on a pad of brown paper to cleanse it, and seemed to hesitate for a moment; then she spoke up frankly:

"You're a good friend of his, Mr. Lee," she said. "I know that well enough, for he's often spoken of your life together down South, and I've waited on him so long I feel almost like he's in my family, so I don't mind speaking plain to you. The truth is, something is wrong with him."

Wilmot sat down. "I thought he didn't talk like himself yesterday, but I didn't think——"

"Ah, it is not when he's with his friends that he shows it!" broke in the woman. "It's when he thinks nobody is seeing him. He always seems worse just after his company has left him. I noticed the other evening he looked kind of depressed, and when he left here, about eight o'clock, I made Harry—my little son—follow him and see where he went. Harry came back in about an hour and said he'd left Mr. Chester sitting on one of the benches in Union Square. It was then ten o'clock. I waited till half-past eleven, and then I went out there and looked around. I found him in the darkest spot under the trees, smoking like a furnace. I pretended that I was passing accidentally, and reminded him that it was late. Then he followed me home."

"Do—do you think his mind is wrong?" inquired Wilmot slowly.

"I'm unable to make it out at all, sir. He's doing no work that I can see. I've seen him get out paper and pen, in the morning, and sit at his desk for three hours without writing a line. When he works in earnest he uses a typewriter, and I can hear it clicking down here, but he has not touched his machine for two weeks or more."

"And you know no reason for——"

"Sh!" interrupted the landlady, as the sound of light footsteps came from the stairway. "There she is now!"

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There was a light rap on the half-open door, and a young woman, about twenty years of age, looked in. She was a perfect blonde, above medium height, slender, well-formed, and stylishly dressed. Her features were regular, and her brow had the breadth of intelligence. She was decidedly pretty, and her every movement was a wave of grace.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" she exclaimed, on seeing Wilmot, who rose as she stepped to the table and laid on it a sealed envelope.

"Please give it to Mr. Chester this morning," she said, with just a bare suggestion of flush in her cheeks; "do you know if he has come down yet?"

"I don't think he came in last night, Miss Aline. This gentleman, his friend, was just asking about him."

The girl turned with an easy air toward Wilmot; the color in her face deepening as she spoke. Somehow it reminded him of the rosy sunsets behind the hills of Dadeville.

"We are both friends of his," she replied. "I think you must be Mr. Wilmot Lee; I have heard Mr. Chester describe you often."

"I have known him several years," answered Wilmot, bowing.

She held out her hand.

"This is really a Bohemian introduction," she laughed, looking round the room. "I am Miss Weyland. He has promised to bring you up to papa's studio soon"—motioning upward with her gloved hand. "Mr. Chester thinks a great deal of you."

"So I would have spoken to you of Chester had it been my privilege," said Wilmot with a touch of Southern chivalry. "Chester has often written me about Mr. Weyland's work and their intimacy, but it is only now that I have the pleasure of learning that Mr. Weyland has a daughter."

A shadow fell across the girl's face, and Wilmot saw that he had made a false step in his statement, despite his delicacy of expression. She evidently did not appreciate Chester's not having mentioned her.

"You have not seen him this morning?" she asked, moving toward the entrance.

"I have not, Miss Weyland; I rapped on his door as I passed, but got no response."

Her hand was on the door-handle. "Don't let it be long before you come up to see us. Papa will be delighted to see you," were her parting words as she passed into the hall.

Mrs. McGowan went to the door and looked after the girl; then she returned to her ironing-table.

"Between me and you, Mr. Lee, she is the cause of it all," she sighed.

"You think so?" remarked Wilmot tentatively, struggling between his desire to learn more and an innate rebellion against the treason of listening to gossip.

Mrs. McGowan shrugged her fat shoulders, and a wisp of yellowish-gray hair unfastened and dangled down her cheek.

"Mr. Chester never changed until she came home from boarding-school, in Washington, about six months ago," she said, pounding her pad of paper with a hot iron. "Him and her father are just about as thick as friends get to be. Mr. Chester is as free in the studio as if he had to pay the rent. When Mr. Weyland has his reception day, once a week, Mr. Chester always helps receive, and makes the tea, and serves the refreshments. Often when Mr. Weyland is out of town, or too busy, Mr. Chester conducts the whole thing, and sees who is asked to play, or sing, or speak. In fact, every one's got to thinking of them almost as brothers."

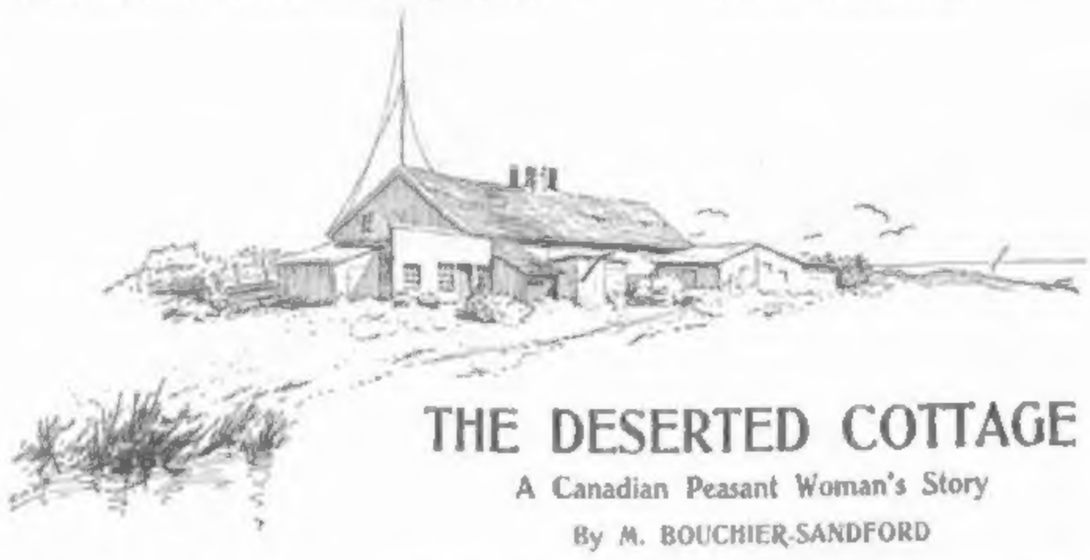
"And after Miss Weyland came home from school," asked Wilmot, "were things just the same?"

"Yes, sir; when she came, her father—he is a widower—not much older than Mr. Chester, either—took rooms for her next to the studio, and since then the three have lived like one family."

"Do you think that Chester is in love with her?" asked Wilmot, remembering what Chester had said to him about marriage.

"That's just what I can't make out, sir. Sometimes, when he acts so strange, I fancy he is in love with her, and that he's found out that she don't think of him that way; and then, again, I am stumped—you know women can read women. I don't believe Eve ever would have been fooled if the serpent had been a woman. I am all mixed up over it. I've noticed, though, Mr. Chester never seems so restless as when Mr. Harrison's been spending the evening in the studio, or taking Miss Aline out for a walk."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



THE DESERTED COTTAGE

A Canadian Peasant Woman's Story

By M. BOUCHIER-SANDFORD

I'TOL' you I'll gif you de story of de Anglis'man dat liv' een dat leetl' 'ouse dat ees now desert'. Eet is so bacose dey say 'ees ghos' walk near.

'E did come from Angland at dees French village een Canada, an' did live een dat leetl' 'ouse wid 'eemself; an' 'e did use' walk on de rock mos' every night, wid 'ees 'ands behin' 'ees back; but sometime 'e did shut dem togedder, or t'row dem 'igh up, like 'e try for t'row way somet'ing dat gif 'eem trobl'.

Sometime 'e go for fish wid de men, an' dey call eem "Captain"; but 'e tell nodding 'bout 'eemself. Sometime, w'en 'e play wid de leetl' boys an' tell story, 'e laugh wid dem; den somet'ing come back on 'ees mdin', an' 'e turn 'ees 'ead, and put 'ees 'ands on 'ees eye.

One day 'e fall on de rock an' 'urt 'ees leg, an' dey take 'eem at de 'ouse of Henri Couture, w'ere 'e stay many week. Den Lucie Couture, she t'ink dere's no man more bettair as 'eem, an' it make Jean Picaud like 'e be mad w'en 'e see dat; and I'll t'ink wid myself dat Captain ees de mos' 'andsomes' man I see, an' I'll say at 'eem, "W'y you not marry wid Lucie w'en she grow so w'ite an' t'in for she love you?"

Den 'e say, "Can I make 'er 'appy?"

An' I say, "Eef you don' marry wid 'er, she never marry, an' 'er 'eart be break."

Den 'e make de great sigh an' 'e say, "Dere so mosh meesairy I wan' for make somebody 'appy;" an' 'e don't t'ink I 'ear.

After w'ile dey marry togedder, an' Lucie is glad, but de Captain is not glad een 'ees 'eart. 'E never go at de church only w'en de firs' baby arrife, an' dey all go at de church for baptize de chile, an' dey name 'eem Cyreel, like de name of de Captain. W'en de nex' baby arrife, dey give 'er de name Aleece; an' de Captain 'old 'er een 'ees arm and say, "Leetl' Aleece, my own Aleece." I t'ink 'e ought call 'er Lucie.

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W'en dey are marry togedder t'ree year, some people arrife off de boat, an' dey stop near de 'ouse w'ere Lucie sit wid de babies, and dey ax w'at name she call dem. An' she say, "Cyreel an' Aleece." Den one lady grow w'ite on de face an' appair like she will fall. But praysonly she take Cyreel een 'er arm, and 'old 'eem close, and 'e pat 'er face an' don' cry.

Den de Captain arrife roun' by back of de 'ouse, an' dey don' see 'eem till 'e come face by face wid de lady, an' 'e cry out, like 'e don' know w'at 'e say, "Aleece! Aleece!" An' she say, like de word 'urt 'er t'roat, "Cyreel! Cyreel!" Den one man dey call Joseph look mad, an' 'iss t'rough 'ees teet', "Cyreel Vintoun!"

Den de Captain say, "Aleece, don' believe dere's dat sin on my soul. Dere's no stain of de blood dere."

Den dey spik so sof' I'll not 'ear w'at dey say. But I go by de odder people an' I 'ear dem say dat de Captain is Cyreel Vintoun, dat was tri' in de court for kill 'ees oncle, but dey can't prove dat, as 'e go free; but dey people say 'e ought to be hang', so 'e go 'way off Angland, an' nobody knows w'er' 'e live. An' de fader of Aleece won't let 'er be marry wid 'eem. An' Joseph wan' be marry wid 'er, but she don' like 'eem, an' w'en dey take de trip to Canada she don' kno' 'e be come wid dem till she is on de ship.

I 'ear dat, bacose dey don' know I understan' de Anglish so good; an' Lucie 'ear too.

But Joseph walk on de rock wid 'eemself. Den 'e turn roun' an' walk back fas' an' say, "I see de boat. We mus' go down by de wharf." Den dey go 'way; but de Captain walk by de rock an' look on de water till de boat is no more seen.

Dat night, w'en de Captain spik kin' wid Lucie, she put out 'er 'ands an' say 'e mus' not spik wid 'er again; an' de red of de anger come on 'er face, an' she say dat every one tell dat she be marry wid de murderair. Den 'e 'ide 'ees face wid 'ees 'ands, an' de groan come.

An' I say, "Lucie, don' believe 'e do dat. 'E never kill somebody." But Lucie say 'ard t'ings at 'eem, an' I know dat is bacose 'e spik wid Aleece, an' not bacose she believe 'e kill somebody.

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Den 'e say, "Do you wan' me leave you, Lucie?" An' she say she never wan' for see 'eem some more.

So 'e bring money at Xavier, my 'usban', for Lucie, an' 'e go 'way. W'en de weenter arrife, Lucie fret, an' wish 'e return; but 'e don' come.

Den Lucie say, "Susanne, I learn for read an' write before Cyreel come back." Den I know she be sorry dat w'en 'e use' try for teach 'er, she use' fall to sleep, or say, "I don' wan' be bodder wid dat."

W'en de snow go, an' de bird sing, an' de tree be green, de boat stop on de wharf, an' de men carry somet'ing at de 'ouse by Lucie; an' we see de Captain lie w'ite an' still.

Den Lucie kneel an' cry, "I sorry, oh, I sorry, Cyreel! Spik, Cyreel! Forgeefe me!"

'E open 'ees eye, an' put 'ees 'and for take 'ers, but 'e don' spik; an' praysonly we know 'e never spik again.

After 'e die, de men tell 'ow dey see a boat wreck on de river, an' 'ow de Captain say, "I am accuse for take de life of man; I show dat I save de life." An' 'e save de men dat cling on de boat.

An' de men see 'eem rub togedder 'ees 'ands, like 'e wash dem, an' 'ear 'eem cry, "Aleece, Aleece, dere's no stain of blood! Ah, Aleece, God gran' you know some day dat I die innocent!" An' once 'e say, "Lucie! poor leetl' Lucie!"

De nex' weenter two letters arrife for "Cyreel Vintoun," an' de pries' read dem for Lucie. One letter is from Aleece, an' it tell dat dey all know dat Cyreel is innocent, for de murderair hal confess. An' Aleece write, "Now, t'ank God, you may be 'appy!" An' I t'ink w'at pity it is she don' know 'e is dead.

De oder letter tell dat de old aunt sen' money for take Cyreel back at Angland. Den de pries' write at Aleece an' at de old aunt dat de Captain is dead.

Lucie cry, an' she say, "Susanne, oh, I weesh Cyreel know dat before 'e die!"

An' I say, "I t'ink 'e know it now, Lucie." But she shake 'er 'ead an' cry.

Den de money arrife for Lucie, an' she take de chil'en at Angland at de old aunt.

De men say dat sometime by night dey see de ghos' of de Captain walk on de rock.

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THE EYE OF A GOD

The Strange Disappearance of the Sacred Treasure

By WILLIAM ALEXANDER FRASER

In Two Parts: Part II

HPO THIT'S assertion that he had shot the sacred ruby into the body of the Thakine took away the breath of the Court. The silence was unbroken for a full minute; then the Chief Priest said: "Hpo Thit is telling lies; he has hid it. We must swear him."

"Yes," said the Deputy Commissioner; "he must make oath to that." For things were better done judicially.

He ordered the clerk to swear him on the palm-leaf Burmese Bible.

"No, Thakine," said the Priest, interrupting, "he is not a disciple of Buddha. He is a jungle man, and we must swear him on a branch of the leppan" (a tree).

But after the oath it was the same—the red stone was in the Police Chief's body.

"I think it is the truth," said the Deputy Commissioner.

"It is true," said the priests; "and the Police Chief must give up the Beda."

"Well, we'll see what can be done in the matter," slowly answered the Deputy Commissioner; and Hpo Thit was remanded to await developments.

"By Jove!" said the Surgeon, when he heard about it, "that accounts for the infernal thing taking that corkscrew course."

"You'll have to get it out of him some way," said the Deputy Commissioner, "for it's worth about two hundred thousand rupees; and, besides, it won't be healthy for Valentyne to live in Burma with the eye of a Buddhist god in him."

"Look here, Grey," said the Surgeon, "I am jiggered if I probe for the cursed thing again. I nearly let Valentyne's life out of him the other day for fear of poisonous consequences, for I thought it was a slug. But if it's a good clean-cut ruby, it will probably never hurt him, and I'm not going to take any more chances about it."

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Then the Deputy Commissioner was in despair. The Phoongyes, headed by their Archbishop, haunted his office and his bungalow night and day, clamoring for the ruby, for their sacred "Beda," for the eye of their Buddhist god.

But the Surgeon was obdurate.

"Valentyne is a friend of mine," he said, "and I'm not going to murder him to please any yellow-robed Phoongye. I wouldn't do it even if he were an enemy. I'd leave the service first."

Of course, the Deputy Commissioner had to report it to the Commissioner, and he to the Chief Commissioner.

The report read: "That the sacred 'Beda,' the famous ruby, had been stolen from the forehead of the image of Buddha, in the pagoda there, by a hill man, Hpo Thit. Hpo Thit had been captured, and the ruby traced to the possession of the Superintendent of Police, Mr. Valentyne. That it appeared from Hpo Thit's evidence that he had fired it from a musket into the Superintendent's body; but as to whether Hpo Thit's evidence could be accepted, and the Superintendent held to be in innocent possession of the stolen goods or not, or whether he should be arrested as receiver of the stolen goods, he was not prepared to say. That must rest with the higher authorities to decide. He suggested that it might be better to refer it to the Judicial Commissioner."

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Valentyne in the meantime had to be guarded at the hospital, for Mi Mra discovered that the Phoongyes had set a scheme on foot to kidnap him, and, incidentally, carve him up, to find the sacred stone.

There were many reasons why they should recover it as soon as possible. Their Buddha had lost all prestige since his maltreatment, and no pilgrims came now to lay their generous offerings at his great square feet. The pagoda had ceased to do a paying business, for Uzana's ruby had been a drawing card. It had been a good investment that for twelve centuries had gone on making money for the priests.

Valentyne applied for and obtained sick leave, handicapped with an order that he must not take the ruby out of the jurisdiction of the Burmese courts.

It was a splendid bit of judicial ruling that, and the Deputy Commissioner smiled grimly when it passed through his hands.

The Surgeon swore like a trooper when he heard about it, for he had ordered Valentyne off to Darjeeling for a change. "You can't stop here," he said, "because if you don't die of fever, they'll murder you, sure. By Jove! Your body will be worth something for dissecting purposes, though, if they don't steal it and get the first slash at you."

But Valentyne steadily improved. The wound was healing up nicely, the ruby seemingly giving him no trouble whatever.

As soon as he was able to sit up and move about he discovered a new source of annoyance. Devout Burmans were constantly coming and prostrating themselves at his feet, touching their foreheads to the ground and muttering their crazy prayers.

"What does it all mean?" he asked Moung Ouray, while the Burmans bothered him.

"Sar, they are worshiping the 'Beda' which you, by the grace of God and that wicked Hpo Thit, have got."

"This is intolerable," thought Valentyne. "I am a ruby mine, and a Burmese god, and a receiver of stolen goods all in one."

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As he got better the beauty of his new life was further enhanced by the deluge of official correspondence that commenced to pour in upon him.

By order of the Chief Commissioner he was asked to explain how he meant to make good to the pagoda the value of the ruby he was still retaining on his person. It was cheerfully pointed out that if half his salary was escheated for this purpose, it would take at least forty years to make up the value of the jewel.

A delay of this sort would hardly be fair to the Phoongyes; beside, in that uncertain climate, his salary might cease at any moment. At any rate, under the fifty-five years' service rule, he could not retain his position in service for that length of time, and his pension would only be barely enough to live upon.

The Civil Surgeon was raked over the coals for not acting upon the Deputy Commissioner's suggestion and probing the matter to the bottom, as it were—for not making another effort to recover the jewel.

It was in vain that he wrote in answer that the Superintendent's life would have been endangered by another operation.

His answer only brought another literary wigging, in which he was curtly reminded that the British Government expected its officials to do their duty, irrespective of personal feeling or consideration of personal safety.

"Hang them for a lot of bloodthirsty swine," exclaimed Corbyn, for that was the Surgeon's name, "they mean to have that ruby out of Valentyne, even if it costs him his life."

Then the Phoongyes got up a monstrous petition, signed by all the Buddhists, living and dead, in the whole Burmese Empire. It was cleverly worded, having been drawn up by a young Burmese barrister, who was the Gold Medalist of his year in England.

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The petition was to be forwarded to the Viceroy through the Chief Commissioner, and it prayed that the Superintendent of Police, Valentyne, should be delivered over to them that they might regain the most sacred relic in all the Buddhist Empire.

They were willing to pay an indemnity to his family, but the ruby they must have.

For a time it looked rather blue for Valentyne, for the Viceroy was a man who had great ideas about the rights of the natives; in fact, he went in for it very much as a Baboo plays lawn tennis, without much science in the game, but with his whole soul and ponderous body dead on the ball.

The papers at home took it up, and a nice gentleman, one evening at Exeter Hall, pointed out to the B. P. that evidently it was another case of oppression of the poor native. One of their temples had been desecrated; one of their most sacred idols violated; and a jewel, to which they attributed miraculous powers, stolen, and the jewel was now in the sole possession of one of the Government Superintendents of Police.

There was a cock-and-bull story, he said, about it having been shot into his body; but even if it were so, they could not set a whole nation of Buddhists by the ears for the sake of one man.

In common honesty, they must give the jewel up, and if this man couldn't part with it, why he would have to go with it; that was all. The Viceroy seemed inclined to look at it in this light too, and it really seemed awkward for Valentyne.

In the meantime a civil suit to recover the value of the ruby had been instituted in the high courts in Rangoon, against the Government in general, and Valentyne in particular.

Luckily for Valentyne, the Secretary of State was a hard-headed man, not much given to nonsense, and he said in equivalent official language that he'd be blowed if he'd see an innocent Englishman deliberately cut up to recover any fetish bauble.

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But all the same the Superintendent would have to be retired on half-pay, for his usefulness was gone. The two could not be combined; the dual position of Burmese God and Superintendent of Police; for the natives still persisted in reverencing him, though ready, as soon as the word was given, to cut him up to recover their jewel.

Just when he thought his troubles were at an end, and he might go home, they applied for an injunction to prevent him from moving the ruby out of Burmah. They showed to the Court, on medical authority, that there was every possibility that the ruby might work itself out some day, and so be recovered; but if Valentyne were allowed to leave the kingdom the chances of the rightful owners ever becoming possessed of it were very slim indeed.

They undertook to pay Valentyne a salary of ten thousand rupees a year so long as he remained in Rangoon; and all they asked in return was the privilege of coming to worship the Beda at certain periods, and that a medical officer, appointed by them, should have free access to Valentyne's person with a view to keeping track of the perambulations of the ruby; and that when it made its appearance near the skin anywhere, so that it might be extracted without danger to him, that he would relinquish all claim upon it, and allow the Surgeon to use any method he desired to hasten its appearance.

Valentyne's counsel, seeing which way the wind was blowing, agreed to accept this ruling of the Court, only stipulating that Corbyn be appointed Surgeon, for the nether stone had suffered most in the grind, and Corbyn was out of the service.

One little formality the Court demanded, and that was that the Archbishop and three or four of the chief Phoongyes should go on a bond for Valentyne's personal safety.

So the Superintendent was lodged in a beautifully furnished bungalow, and was treated very much like a distinguished State prisoner.

Life went very pleasantly with him, and it did not seem such a bad affair after all.

Mi Mra was living in Rangoon, too, as it happened, and Hpo Thit, in consideration of his turning Queen's evidence against himself re the ruby, was let off with two years in gaol, and was then busily engaged in pushing a conservatory cart about town with a clanking iron chain running from his waist to either ankle by way of ornament.

The Europeans in Rangoon, with Oriental playfulness, bestowed upon Valentyne two or three names expressive of his occupation. He was known down at the "Gym" as the "Burmese God," "Beda," and the "Jewel Merchant."

The fellows were never tired of offering him as security, swearing that he was worth two lakhs of rupees, either dead or alive.

One or two playful attempts on his life relieved the monotony of his existence; but as these laudable efforts were usually frowned down, both by the Phoongyes and the officials, and as one of his assailants caught a cold steel in his right lung, they ceased altogether after a time, and he was leading a comparatively happy life.

He almost began to wish that the ruby would stay where it was. "We're fixed for life," he said to Corbyn, "if this Beda thing doesn't turn up. I must be more careful of myself. I must stop riding, for the shaking up may dislodge the infernal thing, and start it working out."

He had even got used to seeing the natives plump down in front of him, and fall to praying.

Strangers always took him for the Chief Commissioner when they saw this sort of thing going on, and many were the mistakes made in consequence.

Once he received an offer from Barnum at a salary which made his paltry ten thousand rupees look like pin-money, only. The enterprising American guaranteed to smuggle him out of Burma also, and pay all legal claims.

After he had been in the business about two years, he began to feel a pain in his back. He confided his fears to his attendant physician. "It's working out, I'm sure," he said sorrowfully.

And so it appeared, for a distinct lump was forming just below the shoulder blade.

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The Phoongyes were notified, and there was great rejoicing among them. They came and beat tom-toms all night long in front of Valentyne's bungalow. This was to drive the spirits away, so that they would not steal the "Beda" again.

Valentyne was loaded down with presents, and feasted like a bullock for the sacrifice.

"I shall be a rich man," he said to Corbyn, "if the thing holds off for a time."

But the incessant drumming and playmaking about his bungalow was driving him nearly mad for want of sleep.

Then one day Corbyn made a discovery. It was only a boil, the result of mango-eating.

The Phoongyes were in despair.

Just about that time, Hpo Thit walked into his bungalow one day, and bumping his forehead on the floor, begged Valentyne's forgiveness for wounding him. He had served his time and was going away. If he remained in Burma they would kill him for stealing the "Beda," so he was going to some other country.

And that was the last anybody ever saw of Hpo Thit in Burma.

Three years more of playing Buddha at the rate of ten thousand a year passed, and this time there could be no mistake about it, so Corbyn said. The ruby was coming right enough this time. It was coming not far from the place where the boil had been; in fact, it was the irritation of the "Beda" that had most likely caused the boil.

It was the same old thing over again—tom-toms, and plays, and presents, and much praying, and the working of charms to keep the spirits away.

Corbyn could take his fingers and push it about under the skin, and the grim, butternut-colored faces of the Phoongyes relaxed when they realized how close they were to getting the heaven-sent relic.

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Even the officials were pleased—pleased with Valentyne, pleased with themselves, and with the way they had managed affairs. The Phoongyes would have their ruby back again, and Valentyne would have done well out of the deal.

Apart from all this, it had a great surgical interest. All the medical fraternity in Rangoon asked Valentyne's permission to be present; in fact, if he had chosen to charge an admission fee of two rupees a head, he might have had his compound filled at that price the day Corbyn summoned the Phoongyes to be present to receive the ruby.

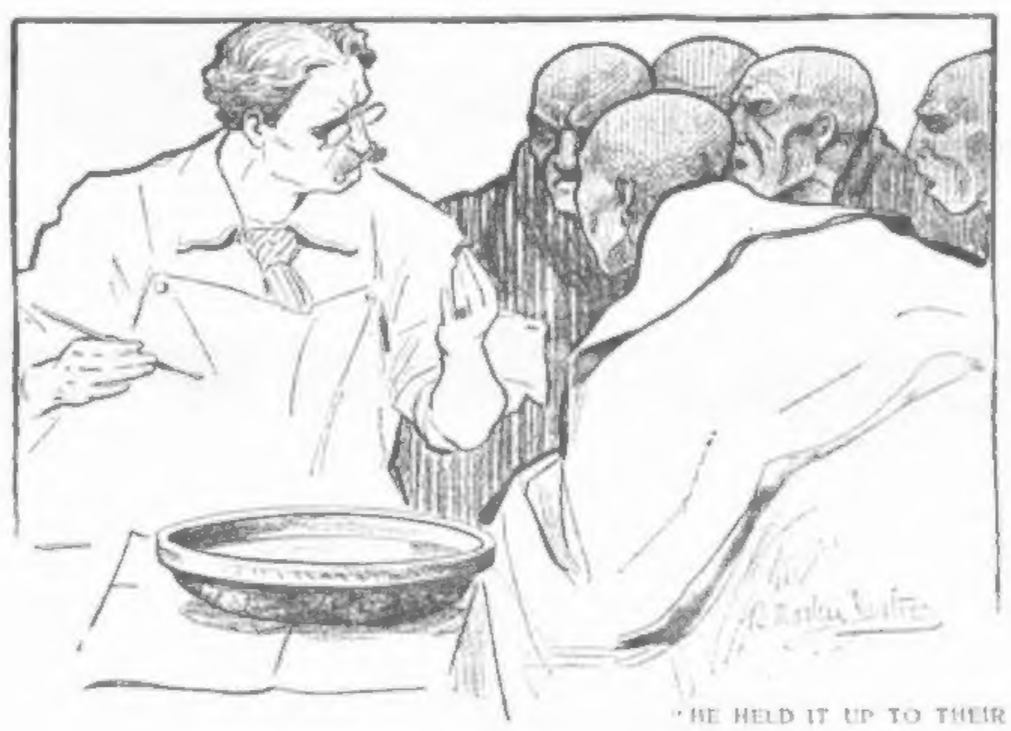
Everything was in readiness. The Archbishop had brought a sacred dish, that was supposed to have at one time belonged to Buddha Gaudama, in which to receive the "Beda."

Valentyne's back was bared; Corbyn made an incision with his scalpel, pressed with the forefinger of his right hand, and shortly something lay in his left hand.

He gave it a little rinse in the bowl of warm water he had ready, and held it up to the expectant gaze of the many heads.

It was a piece of oblong lead—a slug.

Hpo Thit had lied, that was all, and had the ruby away with him—at least, that was the supposition, for it was never found.



"HE HELD IT UP TO THEIR EXPECTANT GAZE"

WHEN BABY HELD THE FLOOR

A Story of the Franco-German War

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER

MORE than twenty-five years ago a great war was raging between the countries of France and Germany. Our story concerns a dear little boy baby, who was the only child of a young French officer.

He was not altogether a French baby, for he had an English mother, but he had been born in a beautiful old chateau not far from Metz—the capital city of sunny Lorraine.

Madame Forrestier's troubles began, in real earnest, when the country was thrown into confusion and panic by the hosts of fugitive French soldiers and the incoming hordes of great Germans.

"Annie," said Madame Forrestier to her English nurse, "if anything happens, remember that it is on you I shall rely."

"You may trust me, madame," said Annie quickly; "it will take a clever Prussian—aye, or a clever Frenchman, either—that will get me to speak what I've got a mind to keep to myself."

"That is not what I am the most afraid of," said Madame Forrestier; "it is your coolness and your presence of mind that I shal need."

"Listen, madame; what is that?" exclaimed Annie, putting up her finger and listening intently. "Somebody is at the window."

"Rosie, Rosie!" cried a low voice from without. "Open the window! Hasten!"

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Madame Forrestier uttered a glad cry. "It's the master," she cried, "the master," and she rushed to the window and tore it open, when a tall figure, covered by a long military cloak, tumbled in.

"Shut the window quickly," he gasped. "They are after me; they'll be here in ten minutes. I knew the short cut through the wilderness and I gave them the slip."

"You are wounded, my André!" cried Madame Forrestier, with her arms around her husband.

"Yes—not dangerously—only a cut on my arm," he answered. "No, don't open it—it may start the blood flowing, and that would betray me. Not," bitterly, as he looked around, "that I need take care—I am caught like a rat in a trap, but I determined that I would see you before they took me if it was only for a minute."

"They shall not take you," she said firmly, "unless they burn the chateau down, and I fancy it is too comfortable and too well provisioned for them to do that. I am ready for you! Annie and I have cleaned out the secret room, and there are provisions there for a month or more. You can be quite comfortable, and I shall come and see you when I can manage it."

André Forrestier burst out laughing. "My darling! My dear love!" he said, "and how do you think you are going to keep the Prussians out of the secret room? Nay, nay, child! A secret room, that has no better concealed entrance than a trapdoor in the floor of your own apartment, is no more likely to be secret from these Prussians than any other room in the house."

"But, André, they do not know that you have reached the chateau at all," Madame Forrestier urged. "We, Annie and I, will devise some means of covering over the door while they are here."

"With a rug and an armchair," said Forrestier teasingly. "My poor Rosie, my poor, poor girl!"

"Listen," said Annie, who had been standing at the door. "I hear horses coming up the avenue. Get down the trapdoor, sir; at least it is a chance that they may not very closely search a mistress' own bedroom."

"'All is fair in love and war,' Annie," said Captain Forrestier significantly. "But I will do as you wish, my darling, my brave love! God bless you and be with you!"

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She kissed him tenderly and hurried him down the steps into the secret room, closing the trapdoor upon him.

"Annie, what can we cover it with?" she asked very anxiously, looking down at it. "Really, it hardly shows in the markings of the parquetry"—for the floor was made of short pieces of wood fitted together so as to form a pattern.

"Not to an ordinary eye, madame," said Annie, "but those men are after the master, you know, and will be extra keen in poking their noses everywhere."

Madame Forrestier sighed anxiously. "Oh, Annie, I am so nervous," she said tremblingly. "What is that? Oh, they are coming! Oh, dear!"

It was, indeed, the sound of footsteps on the polished corridor, and then there came a very gentle tap at Madame Forrestier's door.

"It is Jacques," said Annie, who was polishing the floor with her soft slipper, so as to remove the trace of the muddy footsteps which the master might have left behind him. "See what he wants."

Thus encouraged, madame opened the door, and Jacques, the old servant, who had been at the chateau in the time of André Forrestier's father, came in with a scared white face.

"Such misfortune, madame," he said, in quavering accents. "Here are six great Prussians with a requisition for board and lodging in the chateau, and some sort of a notion that the master is skulking about the premises hiding. They speak bad French," he added, in unutterable disgust.

"I will come down, Jacques," said Madame Forrestier, with a last look at Annie, who was now busy making up the fire. "Where are these gentlemen, Jacques?" she asked composedly.

"In the hall at present, madame," Jacques answered, his voice weak from fright.

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So she went down into the hall, where she found six great German soldiers warming themselves by the wood fire.

"Good morning, gentlemen," she said in English.

The biggest of the six, and evidently the officer in charge of the party, turned from the fire, and came forward, saluting her politely.

"Madame is English," he said in surprise; "I understood that this was the Chateau Forrestier and that it was Captain Forrestier who——"

"Captain Forrestier is my husband, sir," she said simply; "can you give me any news of him?"

"None, madame, except that twenty minutes ago he was flying in this direction, but we missed him in a small wood off the road," the Prussian answered. "He is believed to be in this house, madame, and we must look for him."

"Certainly, you shall do that," said Madame Forrestier with great calmness; "will you come now? But did not my servant tell you that my husband is not here?"

"That he did, madame," said the Prussian, with a smile, "but I took the liberty of disbelieving him."

"Then I cannot expect you to believe me or anything but the evidence of your own eyes," she said with dignity. "Will you come with me and search the house? Is it necessary that you should all come? I ask, because I have a little child asleep in my rooms, and I do not wish him to be frightened by so many strangers."

"I will take one of my men with me. We shall not wake the child, madame," said the Prussian, more kindly. "I am sorry not to be able to take your word without searching the chateau, madame, but it is not left to us, and my orders are explicit."

"Come, then," she said, leading the way.

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She took them first to her own room, feeling that it was best to get that danger over first, but at the door she stopped again and turned imploringly to the two great giants who were treading softly and holding their swords away from the floor. "You won't hurt my boy?" she said pleadingly, "you are sure you won't!"

The big Prussian officers could not help smiling.

"We are not barbarians, madame," he said in his pleasant broken English. "As for me, I have a babe of my own at home, and a half-dozen youngsters waiting to see me again."

"Come, then," she said, opening the door.

She almost screamed at the sight that met her eyes, for there, over the trapdoor, Annie had spread a bright Moorish rug, and on the rug, sprawling among a heap of silk cushions, lay little René, the baby, who had just wakened from sleep.

He looked so big and fair and bonny in his pink dress that the Prussian walked right up to him and began to talk to him with every coaxing phrase he could think of. And in answer, Baby René held up his silver coral and bells, and tried to grab at his tambourine and, his favorite toy of all, a few empty cotton reels strung together, as if he was anxious to show them to this fascinating newcomer, with a sword and the bright buttons, and the long mustache not so much unlike Forrestier's own.

"Dad—dad—dad," he cried in delight. "Ba-ba—ad-da."

"I have just such a child at home," said the big Prussian, with a suspicious quaver in his voice.

"You will excuse me, madame; I will just look around the room for form's sake."

"To be sure," said Madame Forrestier, with a smile—she could afford to smile now, for the baby had warded off the great danger she had so much dreaded.

It was a mere form. He looked into the old oak presses, poked his sword under the bed, glanced through the dressing-room, and, opening one window, peered out into darkness, little guessing that less than half an hour ago Captain Forrestier, wounded as he was, had, with the strength born of desperation, swung himself up to the window by means of the ivy which covered the walls from roof to ground, and that he was at that moment within a few feet of him, his retreat safely cut off by the silken cushions on which the baby lay sprawling, playing with his toys and his faithful dog.

"I am satisfied, madame," the Prussian said. "I must search the rest of the house, and I am afraid you must put up with our company for some little time longer. But we are not, as I said, barbarians, and we do not wish to annoy you, and from this moment your own apartment is sacred."

"I think, Annie," said madame quietly, "that you had better show these gentlemen over the house. I will stay with the child."

"Yes, madame," said Annie. "Come along, sirs."

"Oh, René, René! You don't know," cried Madame Forrestier, when the door was closed, "but you have saved him!"

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Madame Forrestier had, as the big Prussian officer had warned her, to put up with the company of six Germans for some weeks after that eventful night. She was a very wise little woman, was Madame Forrestier, for she absolutely forbade her servants (who were old and well-trained in the way of obedience) to make the slightest fuss about the Prussians. She fed them well, she lodged them well, and she became the greatest of friends with the officer in command.

And so the weeks went by, and in the occasional absence of her visitor, Madame Forrestier and Annie contrived to replenish the store of provisions in the secret chamber below madame's bedroom. Then, when all danger was past and it was fairly safe for the master of the chateau to come out from his hiding-place, Madame Forrestier sent for Jacques to come up to her bedroom.

"Jacques," she said, in a queer, shaky little voice midway between tears and laughter, "you wondered that I was so civil to our Prussian guests. I am now going to tell you the reason—surely you had forgotten the secret chamber that is beneath my bedroom, and the trapdoor in the floor?"

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"Madame," said Jacques, in a quivering voice, "is it possible?"

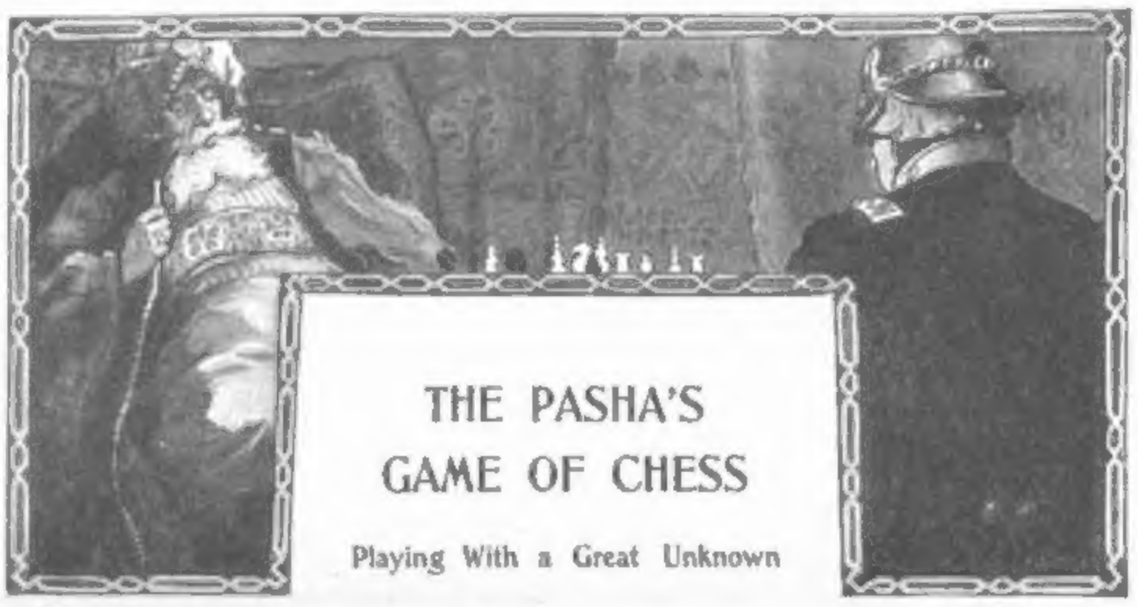
"Yes, Jacques," she said, "it is quite possible; more than possible—it is true. Your master has been in this house since ten minutes before the Prussians arrived. I did not keep it from you because I did not trust you, Jacques, but because I knew it would be easier for you to keep the secret if you did not know it."

"But they searched the room," he cried.

"So they did," she answered with a laugh, "but we put Master René on a heap of cushions just over the trapdoor, and they never thought to search the middle of the room. It was baby who saved his father."

"Ah," murmured Jacques, as she lifted the trapdoor and motioned him to go down and see his master, "but the English are an astute race; their shrewdness can't be beat."

When they came up the steps they found Madame Forrestier and the baby waiting for them. André Forrestier took them silently in his arms and kissed them.—The Republic.



THE PASHA'S GAME OF CHESS

Playing With a Great Unknown

ON A SUMMER afternoon almost fifty years ago, Sulejmann Pasha, Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian artillery, sat at coffee in a café on the Nile terrace in Cairo, says the New York Sun. At tables near him were many soldiers who had helped him fight the armies of Sultan Mahmud not many months before.

Several of them had been with him in the battle of Nizib, when he routed the Turkish army under Hafiz Pasha and Colonel von Moltke, then in the Sultan's service. But Sulejmann Pasha was not thinking of the soldiers about him, nor of Hafiz Pasha, nor Colonel von Moltke, nor the battle of Nizib. His whole attention was concentrated on a chess board before him.

Sulejmann Pasha was a famous chess player. In the first few weeks after his return to Cairo he had beaten, dozens of times, Ulema Reschid Aga, formerly the champion chess player of Northern Egypt. He regarded his reputation as a chess player as somewhat akin to his reputation as a warrior. He considered chess to be preeminently a soldier's game, and never tired of making elaborate comparisons between strategy on the chess board and strategy on the field of battle. Every afternoon he met Ulema Reschid Aga, at the café on the Nile terrace, and beat him two or three games.

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On this particular afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Ulema Reschid Aga was a little late in coming to his Waterloo, and Sulejmann Pasha was having a preliminary skirmish with himself while awaiting his opponent's arrival. His diversion was interrupted by the appearance on the terrace of a long, gaunt, bony young stranger. The stranger strolled right up to the Pasha's table, and after making a half-military salute, said so loudly that every one on the terrace could hear:

"Pasha, I challenge you to a game of chess. Will you accept?"

All the officers on the terrace sat quite still and stared at the thin, pale young man who stood before their great Commander. The Pasha looked him over curiously.

"I am at your service," was his answer, after a long pause. "How high do you usually play?"

"You fix the stakes, Pasha."

"Well, a hundred ducats will do."

The stranger nodded and sat down. The lots were cast. The game was begun. All the officers in the café left their coffee to crowd around the players. The first moves convinced them that the long, bony fingers of the stranger had moved chessmen many times before. At the end of twenty minutes the Pasha's eyes suddenly brightened and he smiled. He had an invincible combination. He placed his queen before his opponent's queen. The officers began to grumble, for they thought their Commander had lost his head. Only Reschid Aga, who in the meantime had joined the crowd of spectators, looked happy. He had guessed his friend's combination, and he, too, was sure that it was invincible.

"He will take the queen," commented the spectators.

"Then he will be checkmated in eight moves," whispered back Reschid Aga, his eyes fixed on the board.

"And if he doesn't take her?"

"He will lose his own," said the ex-champion.

The stranger moved a pawn. Sulejmann took his queen. The officers thought it was all up with the gaunt young man, and started back to their coffee. They were called back, however, by the first words the Pasha's opponent had spoken since he sat down.

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"Pasha, in exactly twelve moves you will be checkmated. It is your move."

The interest of the Pasha's friends became intense. They counted each move aloud. One—two—three—four—and the Pasha was already hard pressed. Five—six—seven—eight—nine—and his men were hemmed in on all sides. Ten—the Pasha tried in vain to break the blockade by sacrificing his queen. Eleven—he drew back his king into a corner. Twelve—"Checkmate."

There was a dead silence; all stared at the Pasha. He thought hard for several minutes without a word. Then he looked searchingly at the stranger and said:

"Once before I have seen chess played as you play it. Your strategy is not new to me, although I cannot cope with it. The game that your playing reminds me of was much finer than this. It was played with cavalry and infantry, and heavy artillery, till the ground shook under our feet. The great chess player from the North, who was then against me, had one hundred and fifty thousand men. In his hands they were invincible. The mad and envious interference of Hafiz Pasha ruined his combinations, and happily for our side, gave us the game."

The Pasha stopped a moment to scrutinize the stranger's face. It was expressionless.

"Young man, you remind me of that great chess player from the North who all but routed us at Nizib, as you routed me here. Only one man in the world can play chess like that. He is Colonel von Moltke."

"You have it," answered the stranger, reaching the Pasha his hand across the chess-table before them, "I am Moltke."

THE TACK HAMMER THAT OPENED A SAFE

BY W. J. LAMPTON

COLONEL HARRY FORD was the President of a big bank in a Western State, and the Colonel and I were, at the chronicling of this tale, in New York, whither we had gone as chance traveling companions on a train from the West. It was on Sunday morning, and as we took it easy in the handsome apartments he was occupying, a messenger boy brought him a telegram. The message was from his wife, and the boy being a bright-eyed youngster, the cheerful Colonel chatted with him pleasantly a moment and gave him a quarter as he departed.

"Doesn't that make telegraphing come pretty high?" I inquired, with the true Yankee spirit of thrift. "I used to be one myself," he said in explanation, "and now, whenever I see a bright-eyed kid like that, I warm up to him and give him something, though not always a quarter. Being Sunday, and the telegram being from my wife, I do a bit better than usual, and part with all of twenty-five cents."

"Do you really mean that you were once a messenger boy?" I asked in great surprise, as I looked over the elegant man of the world, every inch a gentleman born, who sat in the big chair by the window gracefully poising a cigar in his thumb and finger.

"When I was a youngster of ten," he replied, "I was a messenger boy earning the luxurious salary of $3 a week, all of which I gallantly turned over to my mother, who was a banker's daughter, though she had been turned out of her father's house because she had not married to suit him and her stepmother. Then I managed to learn telegraphy," added the Colonel, with a reminiscent smile, "and nobly did I profit by my experience with the wires during a more prosperous period of my career.

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"But to begin at the beginning, as the Irishman said. When I was sixteen years old, and my mother and father had both died, my grandfather relented sufficiently to propose that he educate me. By the time I was twenty-one I had been graduated, and my grandfather gave me a position in a bank he owned in a very pleasant interior town, where I showed such aptitude that the old gentleman entirely forgave me for having been the son of his disobedient daughter, and told me to go ahead and I should be his partner some day.

"The next most natural thing in the world to do was to fall in love, and I did it for all there was in my throbbing heart, and on the evening of the day I was promoted to the cashiership of the bank I asked Kate Vernon to be my wife. During all the time of my experience in the bank I had kept up my interest in telegraphy, and after Kate and I had settled upon our future relationship I had connected her house with my room at the bank, and whenever I had the chance I called her up and talked love to her between meals by electricity. I don't know how much of that kind of talk we indulged in, but I do know that Kate became almost an expert telegraph operator, and could easily have made her living at it had there been such a necessity—which I am glad there wasn't.

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"One of the other customs of that charming time of love in the foreground was a drive that Kate and I took two or three times a week in a trap she owned, leaving the bank just after closing-time—four o'clock. On the days when she would telegraph down that she was coming, I would lock up the money and valuable papers in the inside safe and leave the outer doors of the big vault open, so the last man out of the bank could put the books away and lock them up against fire. The man who did this, nearly always, was an old fellow, partly deaf, and a janitor rather than a clerk. One day, when I had shut up the inside safe and gone out to join Kate in her trap at the door, she sent me back to wait until she went up town to see a friend about a church supper they were interested in. Old Jock, as we called him, was not at his desk when I came back, though I had said good-by to him as I went out, nor was there any one in the bank, and as I sat a moment at my own desk I noticed a paper that had been left there by mistake. I got up at once to put it where it belonged in the safe, and as I went into the vault I did not observe that all the books had been put away, though I could hear Old Jock in the little room back telling his boy about sweeping out.

"The paper belonged in a pigeonhole far back in the vault and high up, so that I was compelled to go up a step-ladder we kept there, and about the time I had got myself high away in the shadow the big door swung to and I could hear Old Jock turn the combination out of joint. I yelled out, but it was too late, even if the old man's ears had been sharp, and I found myself in the disagreeable predicament of being shut up in my own safe and no visible means of escape. At first it struck me as ludicrous. Then it became serious, and in a few moments I had gone to thinking as those people think who are confronted with tremendous moments in their lives. I soon decided that my only hope of getting out was through Miss Vernon, who, when she returned, would naturally inquire for me, and in this way old Jock would in time discover that he had shut me up in the vault. How long it would be until Miss Vernon returned, or what the chance of the old man still being there when she came, now began to demand discussion in my brain, and for a minute or two I stood still in the thick darkness and listened to my beating heart. Then I remembered that we always kept a hammer in a pigeon-hole near the door, and, groping around, I found it and at once began to pound on the floor. Immediately a response came, but, of course, I did not know who was giving it, though evidently the boy, as the old man could scarcely have heard. This gave hope at once, and I set up a regular tattoo on the door with my hammer, to all of which came the responses from the outside, but it was not getting me out of my prison, and confinement was becoming irksome.

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"For the first time now I heard faintly the sound of human voices calling to me, but it was as if they were miles away, and I could not distinguish whose they were, though I thought I knew Kate's. I answered back, but the place was so thick and heavy that my voice frightened me, and I used the hammer instead of calling. Up to this time I had not thoroughly realized what my entombment meant, but now it came upon me that the only man in town except myself who knew the combination had gone away for a vacation to the seashore, and that with the door air-tight, or practically so, I could not live a great while in the vault, certainly not long enough to hear from either the clerk on vacation or from the people from whom we had bought the safe in St. Louis. Indeed, if I stood it for two hours I felt I would be doing well, for my pounding had filled the little air I had with dust, and it was nearly suffocating me. The pounding from the outside increased the dust, too, and, while I could prevent myself from doing it and did stop, the very fact of my stopping made those on the outside pound harder, as if to encourage me, as they thought I was losing hope.

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"This thought came to me with a shock so great that I almost collapsed. I caught at the sides of the vault in the inky blackness, and for a minute I became deathly sick. Following this came almost a frenzy to yell and howl, and claw at the door, and scratch my face and tear my hair. I had heard of people acting so, and going mad when lost in caves and such places, and I felt it coming on me in that dreadful hole. To add to the horrors of my situation, the air was growing rapidly worse, and I could not stand up in the vault without a feeling of the most profound nausea. It was the nausea of despair, if anybody ever has analyzed just what that is.

"Two feet from light and air, and love, and life, and utterly shut off from all. It was horrible to think of, and I am sure a thousand times worse than if I had been buried in the sands of a desert a hundred miles from water and green trees. Slowly I felt my strength going, and at last I could not so much as respond, even at long intervals, to the knocking on the outside, and I sank to the floor with my head against the cold steel wall between the light of the world and the darkness of death. As I lay there panting I heard the dull thud of the beating on the outside, and it soon came as a beating of time, or rather eternity, a measure of music to soothe me to sleep, and I sank away into semi-consciousness.

"You know they say that when a man is dying under unnatural or violent circumstances all his past life comes back to him, even in minute detail. It did not quite appear to me that all my life was passing in review before me in my dungeon, but it did seem as if the youth of my life had come back to me, and I thought I was once again in that little telegraph station of the Missouri River catching the clickety-click-click of the instrument on the table, and which always seemed to be as important as a ship's deck is to an Admiral. I seemed to be hearing the 'calls' of operators all along the line, but I gave no response, and then the scene changed, as it does so suddenly and unaccountably in dreams, and I was at the instrument in the bank, listening with all of a lover's eagerness for the first call of Kate Vernon over the wire I had put up for her.

"It was very faint and far off, and I think I must have smiled as I bent my ear closer to the instrument to catch the sound, having in mind my sweetheart at the other end of the wire essaying her first attempt in handling the lightning. For a moment it was vague enough, with its modest little clickety-click-click, but all at once it seemed to say something to me. I could not distinguish at first, but presently it took form, and I could catch the 'call' I had taught her. It was the letter K, repeated over and over again, just as all operators do when they want some other operator who is not at his desk to respond promptly. Then it was the clickety-click-click of the letters that formed my name, and I smiled to think that, as a child learning to talk says 'mamma' first, so Kate was saying first, in this new language of the wires, the name of her teacher.

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"I could feel it was something more than a dream. I knew that some sound must be shaping my dream for me, and, without knowing what I was doing, and with an odd feeling of the very peculiar key we had put on our instruments, I took the hammer and sounded my 'call' to Kate in response to what I was hearing. Instantly the 'call' was repeated, and my name followed. Now I seemed to throw off the nightmare, and I aroused myself. Striking with the hammer on the door, I called to Kate by name, and, then, distinct enough, though muffled, I heard the clickety-click-click on the outer door, and Kate was telling me in the mysterious manual of Morse a message which brought me renewed courage and hope.

"And what a wonderful strength is hope! Now that I had established communication with the outside world I took great courage immediately, though I did not understand just what I was going to do to be saved, for I confess that I was not very clear-headed at this time. I thought only of telegraphing to St. Louis for the combination, and had actually signaled to Kate to do so at once, and I would try and keep up until word was received, when, to my indignation, she laughed at me over the wires—that is, the door plate—and told me to telegraph right then and there to her what the combination was and she would do the rest.

"How plain and simple that was! And I had never thought of it. Neither had I thought of telegraphing to her from my prison, and it was only because she was a woman that she ever thought of sending word through that dull door to me with a hammer.

"When, three minutes after I had told her what the combination was, the door opened, and I fell forward into the fresh air of the world of sunshine, Kate caught me in her arms, and it was her voice I heard faintly and far off as I heard the clickety-click-click, and her tapping that led me back to life, and light, and love once more."

"And you lived happily ever after?" I inquired, after so long a silence that I was surprised at myself.

"My boy," said the banker earnestly, "she has saved my life a hundred times since that, and I wouldn't trade her for all the other women in the world. And when she sees this story in print," he added laughing, "I'll need to have my life saved again, but she won't do it, I'll bet a horse and harness."

"She must draw the line somewhere," said I reflectively.—Washington Star.

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WHEN LADY DESTINY CAME

The Romance of the Choir Singer

"DESTINY" BROWN was what his best friends called him, but the Registrar-General had not been able to think of anything more novel than Theophilus, and he had signed himself "Theoph."

Theoph, or "Destiny," lived with two weird sisters in a small, gregarious house off High Street, Peckham. He issued—that is to say—from it at 9 o'clock on week-day mornings and at 10 o'clock on Sundays; to it he returned day by day at supper-time, bearing his sheaves with him in the form of chops or mackerel. Exactly at 9.30 by the little German clock, whose short hand was consistently a quarter of an hour in front of its long one, he would mix himself a little glass of tepid grog. When the long hand pointed to 10, and the short hand to a quarter past, "Destiny" blew out his candle and resigned himself to the darkness.

For the modest remuneration of $100 per annum he sang every Sunday morning in the gallery of a neighboring Catholic church. Of the congregation, none but his sisters were aware of having seen him at any time, and so far as he was present to their thoughts, he was of such heroic stature and herculean proportions, a redoubtable Apollo, whereas, in fact, those thunderous notes shook the little fragile form to its foundations.

There had been a time when Theoph was no more than five and thirty, and when the lingerers of his early friends had not yet ceased by fits and starts to exhort him to "come out," to "do things," to "take a line," to "make a move."

"My dear fellow," Wilkins used to say through the smoke as they sat puffing (Wilkins was sub-editor on an evening paper), "I want you—now I really mean it—to do something. It is getting serious. Here are you, a man of ability far beyond mine, and you are doing nothing with it. You let the chances slip by; man after man pushes you aside. That is what they do," he would repeat rhetorically—"push you aside and mount on your shoulders, up the ladder, out of sight and away."

"I know," Brown would reply, recrossing his puny legs and smoking thoughtfully, while his sincere little gray eyes searched the fire. "It seems rather futile, doesn't it? But if you knew—— However, I am patient; I can wait. The hour will come, the opportunity—and the prize. There will come a knock at the door," he went dreamily on, "and Destiny will be there, the dear lady, bearing it in her hand. I am waiting for her rat-a-tat-tat at the door."

"Bosh! Destiny be blowed! A man is his own Destiny."

But Theoph only murmured rhythmically to himself in his ponderous dulcet bass:

"With a rat-a-tat-tat at the door."

The two weird sisters, in proportion as they regretted the passing of their own innocent hopes with creeping years, grew more pressingly anxious for Theoph's happiness.

"It is time, Theoph," they would say shyly and confidentially, "it really is time you should think of settling. With your accomplishment and appearance——"

But Theoph would cut them short with a tremulous wave of his blue-gray hand.

"Yes, my dears, but one must not hustle Destiny. In her own time, my dears, she will tap with her fingers at the door, and the door will be opened, and I shall go with her. One must be patient, my dears—patient."

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Hicks was persuaded of the perfect ability of the race. "Come," he would say, in his breezy way, "to our Battersea settlement. Help us to spread the light. Now, I am a man without half your ability. Do I content myself with earning a bare subsistence by some nameless drudgery? No; I do the work I find the best. I spread the light. Come and spread the light."

Gentle thunder was understood to expostulate that one must not be too strenuous in forcing the hand of Destiny.

"Hang Destiny! A man of your real ability——"

The thunder opined that it did not run much to ability.

"You are a fool!" said Hicks in a huff.

"I have always feared it," replied the little man meekly, while his candid eyes peered pathetically at his monitor. "But if one is only content to wait for Destiny, and just to stand ready to open to her when she knocks, and to go with her the way she points—well—there you are."

The years went by. Hicks was high in the India office, and, since he now rode always in hansoms, left the bus conductors to perfect themselves in the methods and results of the higher criticism. Wilkins was editing a London daily, and stirring up with his pungent quill a brave turmoil in the far East. That was his line.

Theoph still walked patiently the same obscure path, but he walked more slowly. He might be said to have walked heavily if the adverb fitted with one's notion of seven stone five. His voice was giving out, too, and his hands and the calves of his little legs trembled painfully while he sang his solo. But his gray eyes still watched the door, and his ears listened more anxiously, yet still with confidence, for that tardy knock.

At last the day came when Theoph found himself unable to rise and proceed to that nameless toil of his, and he lay in his slender bed very still while the weird sisters watched him tearfully. Nerve after nerve dropped out of touch with the world outside, and an ineffable rest was enwrapping the nervous little body upon which the last unction had spent its grace. But the patient eyes beneath the gathering film still expected, and in its pallor the face looked more alert than usual, so that the weird sisters, as they watched it, forgot to grieve.

They were startled presently by a change. The face grew fervid; the eyes, strained toward the door, shone with an eagerness of attention; the head was almost lifted from the pillow. They saw the lips move and leaned down to catch the words. They sounded like:

"Rat-tat-tat—door." The sisters understood that he would have them open it.

Then he fell back again, and his eyes were faint with joy. And as the lady bearing her gifts had come for him, he gave her his hand and went confidingly.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Hunger of Longing for You

IF I COULD hold your hands to-night,
Just for a little while, and know
That only I, of all the world,
Possessed them so,

A slender shape in that old chair,
If I could see you here to-night,
Between me and the twilight pale—
So light and frail,

Your cold white dress, its folding lost
In one broad sweep of shadowy gray;
Your weary head just drooped aside,
The sweet old way,

Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain,
The darkness crossing half your face,
And just the glimmer of a smile
For one to trace,

If I could see your eyes that reach
Far out into the farthest sky,
Where past the trail of dying suns,
The old years lie;

Or touch your silent lips to-night;
And steal the sadness from their smile,
And find the last kiss they have kept
This weary while!

If it could be—oh, all in vain
The restless trouble of my soul
Sets, as the great tide to the moon,
Toward your control!

In vain the longing of the lips,
The eye's desire, and the pain;
The hunger of the heart. Oh, love,
Is it in vain?

—Manchester Advertiser.

A WINTER WEDDING

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

IT WAS such an old romance the good folk of Middleway had quite forgotten to think of it as a romance at all. For it was forty, yes, more than forty years, since people had first begun to whisper that Richard Martin was "keeping company" with Mercy Clark.

Mercy was a sweet, pretty girl then, with big blue eyes that drooped demurely when Richard came up, after prayer-meeting, and asked if he could see her home. They might well droop before the steady gaze of that big, broad-shouldered fellow.

There was no cheating the curiosity of their friends. It was soon an understood thing that Richard would take Mercy to all the sleigh-rides, the corn-huskings, and the country dances that made up the sum of youthful bliss in those dear old days.

But a wedding was still far off. Richard had an invalid mother to support and care for, and while she lived he must give her his all. The son never put the thought into words, but he knew that no woman could live beneath the roof with that querulous, exacting invalid and know a single unshadowed day. He loved his mother, but this did not blind him to her disposition; no one could endure as he did, because no one else could have the understanding of love. He knew his duty toward her and would perform it faithfully, but he would never sacrifice Mercy Clark to the elder woman's complainings and constant jealousy.

As for Mercy, she would not have flinched from sharing in his duty, but she, too, had home claims to consider. The youngest of many children who had all, save herself, forsaken the home fireside to gather about other hearth-stones, it was left for her to make easy the downward path for her aged parents.

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Such were the conditions, and the young lovers had looked bravely in one another's eyes saying, without a sigh, "We'd better bide a wee." The knowledge of a strong love sweetened the waiting days of helpfulness and made the daily duty a happy one, and there was dainty work to occupy Mercy in leisure moments. "For it will do no harm to make ready," she whispered to herself.

So the years passed by. Youth is impatient, but youth is rich in hope and faith.

The old chest in her little bed-chamber, where Mercy hid away her treasures, grew heavy with its precious weight, and here the girl would come in lonely moments and turn over the snowy store, and dream and hope.

But still the years crept on, and a look of patient longing settled about Richard's eyes, and a thread or two of white appeared in Mercy's hair where it was smoothed back from the temples—like snow that falls so early it finds flowers still blooming.

At last Richard Martin's release came. The mother, whom he had tended so faithfully, closed her discontented eyes upon the world and left her son, a man now near thirty, free to live his own life.

But when he asked if she was ready, Mercy had still to shake her head. "They need me," she said, and he could only turn back to his daily task, and the waiting.

Then the time came when her aged father "fell asleep" and she and her mother were left alone in the old red house.

It was the day after the funeral that Mrs. Clark looked up into her daughter's face and said gently: "I wouldn't keep him waiting any longer, Mercy."

Tears gushed to the eyes of the younger woman and she turned away to hide them.

"You mean Richard, mother?" she asked when she could speak steadily.

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"Who else should I mean?" replied the old woman. "He's been faithful to you these ten years and more. He's a good man, Mercy, and he ought to have his reward. Even my old eyes can see the trouble in his face when he sits and watches you; and folks tell me that the hair about your brow is whitening, child." She paused a moment, but Mercy did not speak. "It don't seem true to me, but you're a woman now, Mercy. When I was your age I had been a wife many years and knew the joy and grief that come to mothers. You've been a good daughter, Mercy; you've been left to comfort us in our old age, but it's not right all your youth should go by and you not know the love of a husband and the warmth of a babe upon your breast."

Mercy fell upon her knees by her mother's chair, and laid her wet cheek on the precious, wrinkled hand.

"Dear, good mother," she sobbed, "dear good mother, I couldn't leave you now."

"And no need you should," said the mother quietly. "Richard can come here to us. The house will be yours when I am gone, Mercy, and I shall not bide here long. Father and I have been together for more than fifty years, and I can't feel that it's meant we should be parted now."

They sat there together after this, neither speaking more, until the dusk came between them, hiding their eyes from one another. Then Mercy slipped away to her little room to light a candle and gaze upon her own face, so full of peace despite the wet lashes.

When Richard's footstep sounded on the porch, that night, the door was opened before his hand could touch the latch and a sweet voice whispered tremblingly, "Do you want me now, dear? Shall we be happy now?"

So the glad preparations were begun and a day was set for the quiet wedding.

So full of peace and joy was the little world in which they lived, it was hard for Richard and Mercy to believe in the rumors of impending war that found their way even to quiet Middleway. At moments Richard thought gravely of these things, and he knew that were matters otherwise he would feel it his duty, perhaps, to go forward and join in the struggle for his country; now, however, he knew that the truest and most sacred obligation of his life lay toward the patient woman who had loved and waited for him so many long years.

But alas! the pain of hope deferred. A week before the appointed wedding-day Richard came in with white face and set lips, and when Mercy looked into his eyes she knew that their dream was not to be fulfilled.

He would not agonize her with suspense.

"I have been drafted," he said in a hollow voice, "and I must leave Middleway to-morrow morning."

"Richard, oh, Richard!" was the cry that broke from her white lips, and then she went into his outstretched arms.

The next morning he had gone, carrying in his heart the picture of a pale, sweet face with eyes that tried to smile and lips that faltered bravely, "When you come home!"

Perhaps the ensuing years seemed longer to the woman who wept and waited at home with her fears and anxieties, her frightened readings of the war news in the occasional papers that came her way, and the monotonous repetition of all this, day after day, than to the man who lost himself in the excitement of war and the eagerness to do his duty.

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News of his courage and valor, and the advancement consequent to these, reached even Middleway, although it did not come in the letters that Richard found time to write his sweetheart.

At length, toward the end of the long struggle, word reached his friends that Major Martin had been wounded, but was now out of danger, and would be sent home as soon as he was able to travel.

There was no knowing when he would arrive, but every morning Mercy awoke with a fluttering feeling of excitement and expectation. At last one evening, when she was sitting alone in the twilight, the well-known step aroused her. For a moment she could not move; then she sprang to the door, and was sobbing in the folds of the blue army coat before she had realized that only one arm embraced her, that one coat-sleeve hung empty at Richard's side.

For many moments they stood so, and then she would have drawn him into the light that she might feast her eyes upon the face her vision had so hungered for, but he drew back hesitatingly.

"My darling, my darling," he murmured, "can you bear to see me? Do you know that I have come back to you a crippled man? My good right arm ——"—he could say no more—his heart failed him.

He felt her start, but he need not have feared. She only looked up at him when the first shock had passed and said quite steadily: "My poor, brave boy!"

The first glad days flew by with little thought for any but present bliss; then Richard began to look about him, to familiarize himself with old things, and to pay attention to business affairs.

One day he came in to Mercy with so deep a shadow upon his face the sunshine fled from her own in quick alarm.

"What is it, dear?" she managed to falter.

He answered with almost cruel distinctness. "Only this, I have not a penny in the world. We must still wait, Mercy."

"Oh, Richard!"

There was a long silence before she could ask how this could be true.

"Through the trickery—no, I won't say that—through the error of the man I left in charge of my affairs," said Richard bitterly; and then he told her the despairing story.

When he had finished Mercy lifted her eyes pleadingly to his. "Dear, I have something," she said gently. "The house, you know; and, dear, mother and I have quite enough"—but he stopped her with a look.

"Mercy! Do you think I have waited all these years to let you support me now?"

"Oh, Richard!" and she spoke as though he had struck her; "would I feel so in your place? It is I who have made you wait, and what is my little worth to me if I cannot have you?"

But still he shook his head.

"Nay, I'm a crippled man, but if there is work for my one hand to do, I shall find that work and we will wait till then."

*

What need was there to say more? The firmly set mouth, the stern look in the gray eyes had come to stay. Mercy Clark sank back upon the sofa with white lips. Those words to her were like her death knell.

Tenderly she folded her sewing and laid it away in the old chest. "It will be a long waiting," she sighed. Her cheeks grew thin and her eyes worn, and the man who loved her saw it and, in the lone watches of the night, lay staring into the blackness, feeling, how bitterly, his impotence.

But gradually they fell back into the old habits of early days, these patient lovers, learning anew something of the former serenity which had helped them bear their waiting.

Richard spent part of each day with Mercy and attended her whenever she went out of an evening. He still read the love and faith in her tender eyes, but there was no eager planning between them; just the old patient hopefulness that remained unspoken.

When the aged mother closed her eyes upon the world, Mercy thought that Richard would relent in his purpose, and she said plaintively, one evening, that she could not bear to be alone in the old house now. But Richard would not understand.

"I have been thinking of that," he said. "You can fit up the ell and rent it."

"Richard, I don't want strangers in the house; I want you!" cried Mercy, brave in her despair, but the lover turned away.

"I will take the rooms, then," he said quietly. "I will move in my things to-morrow. Yes, that will be better."

The woman who loved him came over and drew his one arm about her waist and hid her face upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Richard, I didn't mean that!" she cried; "can't you understand?" but he only pressed her to him and shook his head.

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Then she drew back and looked up into his face with an expression of reproach.

"You are cruel in your pride," she cried. "Oh, Richard, you are cruel!"

He gazed at her with wide, reproachful eyes and drew her close to him again and laid his cheek against her head.

"My darling," he said, "my darling, these words from you? Nay, it is not pride. I would not scruple to take your precious help if my helplessness were only a temporary thing. But it is not that, dear. I cannot live to be a burden to the wife I love. I cannot sit by and feel old age creeping upon me, and see her slender shoulders laden with cares that I am powerless to lift."

"And I—oh, Richard, you do not know a woman's heart—how willingly, how willingly would I bear twice the burden of cares your fancy sees than live without those cares!"

He stooped and kissed her.

"Dear, I am strong in faith that better days will come; do not let the hope die out of those eyes—the hope that has kept me from sinking all these years."

And Mercy looked up and smiled.

"The better days will come," she said.

The next morning Richard brought his small store of belongings and took possession of the rooms in the ell.

There was no dissenting voice raised in dear old Middleway when he made known his plan. What more natural than that he should wish to live where he could be of most service to Mercy, since his misfortunes prevented his marrying her? The evil mind of the outer world had not penetrated to that quiet haven.

It was certainly a happy arrangement for the two most concerned. Richard kept house for himself, and would only occasionally accept Mercy's invitation to share a meal with her. But, being a man, he did not wonder at the fact that no dust collected in his rooms or that the crumbs he left about in the morning were gone at noon. So far as his knowledge extended, Mercy never penetrated to his side of the house.

He spent his evenings with her as usual, and on the first day of each month quietly handed her the small sum they had agreed upon as a fair rental.

The years slipped on in this quiet monotony. Richard received a small pension, enough for him to live upon with the slight amount he could earn in addition. There was very little for him to do in Middleway, but he felt it would be impossible to go elsewhere in search of employment and leave Mercy in loneliness. Even this half life they lived was better than total separation.

*

The older people of the town gradually died and others became old to fill their places; the young people grew up and new children played in the shady streets; but so gradually did this old story of the seven ages repeat itself, so gently did the snow fall upon their heads, the two faithful lovers had passed middle age ere they were aware of it, with that patient hope still abiding in their hearts. She had become Miss Mercy to the people of Middleway; he was no longer spoken of as Richard Martin; to all who knew him he was the Major.

The tender romance of their lives was quite forgotten or overlooked. The beauty, the wonder of it, had grown commonplace to accustomed eyes; but although it might not be seen, the sensitive could always feel it.

Little children loved Miss Mercy. Perhaps they felt, in her touch and look, the tenderness of motherhood denied. Perhaps their little hearts responded to the longing in her own. At any rate, they loved her. And the young girl came to Miss Mercy to lighten the burden of her happy heart—to Miss Mercy who could always sympathize and rejoice and say such beautiful things of the holiness of love.

Perhaps the maiden might not know of that old chest, in Miss Mercy's chamber, over which the gray-haired woman often brooded with the girl's dream in her heart; perhaps she smiled up in her sweetheart's eyes as she saw Miss Mercy and the Major together, but if she did it was not a smile of ridicule.

As the impatience and eagerness of youth had faded into the calmer atmosphere of

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EDITOR'S NOTE—This story is taken from Middleway, a collection of delightful tales of a New England village, by Kate Whiting Patch. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston.

advancing years, it had been easier to let the dream slip farther into the future, to settle into the sober enjoyment of present peace and happiness; but the hope of that "better day" never slumbered.

For many years, now, it had been the Major's daily custom to tramp down to the post-office just before his supper; not that he was accustomed to receiving a large amount of mail other than his quarterly communication from the Pension Office, but the exercise was a pleasure to him.

One afternoon, in early December, he entered the little office at the usual time and in the usual deliberate way, but he had hardly closed the door before the eager face of the postmistress appeared at the small window as she excitedly vouchsafed the information that a letter had come for him.

"It is from way down in Missouri, according to the postmark," she continued, handing it to him. "Have you any folks that live down that way?"

Major Martin took the letter and scrutinized it carefully.

"John B. Richards, Attorney," he read from the corner of the envelope. "Never heard of him before. I wonder what——"

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"It says return to him after ten days," observed Miss Frazer, who had evidently enjoyed her turn of scrutinizing the mysterious communication. "I thought some of carrying it up to you this noon, for fear it might be something important. You haven't had any folks die down there, have you? If this Richards is a lawyer—a lawyer and an attorney is the same thing, isn't it?—perhaps he's written to tell you of it."

The Major shook his head and tore off the end of the envelope awkwardly with his one hand as he moved toward the small oil lamp.

"My father's only brother went West, somewhere," he said, "and married there, but I thought his children all died young."

Miss Fraser watched with breathless interest as he opened the letter and began to read. He looked puzzled at first, then he started and glanced quickly down the page, and the postmistress was sure he could not have read all before he stuffed the sheet hurriedly in his pocket and left the office, quite forgetting to say good-night to the eager, disappointed little woman.

Not many minutes later Miss Mercy heard a quick, youthful step on her porch, an eager hand upon the latch, and she started from her chair with a fast-beating heart, for the Richard of her youth stood before her.

"My darling!" he cried, "the better days have come;" and he caught her to his heart.

"Richard, what do you mean? Tell me," she asked as soon as she could find her voice, and for answer he dragged the letter from his pocket and flung it on the table.

"Read that," he said. "A cousin I didn't even know I possessed has died off in Missouri, and his lawyer writes to tell me that I'm the only heir to be found; he died leaving no will, as I make it out, and I've come into a tidy little sum that will make us independent for life. Mercy, my darling, we need wait no longer. We cannot have all that life might have brought us, but we can know the joy of a home together at last."

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Miss Mercy, who had been trying to read the letter, came back to him and put her arms about his neck, and how long they stood there who can say? The years had fallen away, and it was the little Mercy of long ago whom Richard held to his heart—the girl Mercy with the love in her wild blue eyes and the golden curls about her face; and to her he was again the stalwart youth who had taken her gentle life into his keeping. The hearts that stirred so near one another beat again with the feverish joy of youth.

When Middleway awoke to a realization of the tender romance it had carried silently in its bosom all these years, a wave of sympathetic rejoicing spread over the old town. Those who were young listened breathlessly to the beautiful story; those who were aged searched their memories for a clearer picture of the past.

Miss Mercy had thought of a very simple wedding-day—just a walk to the minister's, a few peaceful, wonderful moments in his study, and then the quiet walk home again—home together—with all the strange, sweet knowledge of a dream fulfilled in their hearts—this for their wedding journey.

But the Major said no; they had waited too long for that; he wanted the whole world to rejoice with him; all Middleway must dance at their wedding—and, needless to say, all Middleway sided with the Major.

Miss Mercy was very willing to give in. What woman's heart does not throb the faster at the sound of wedding bells?

"You must have a wedding gown, Mercy," the Major observed as he watched her flying fingers the next afternoon.

The fingers paused for a moment and Miss Mercy looked up at him with laughing eyes.

"And what does the man think I've been about all day?" she asked, smoothing the dark gray cashmere folds with a gentle touch. "This is my wedding gown."

"Is it?" He stooped and laid a finger on it reverently.

"My wife's wedding gown," he reflected softly, and then he drew a deep breath.

Miss Mercy's needle lay idle long enough for her to girlishly brush her cheek against the rough coat-sleeve near her.

In a few moments the Major spoke again.

"Mercy, what became of the gown you were making before? That thin, white thing?"

"It lies in the chest upstairs where I laid it away half finished that day. Ah, Richard, you wouldn't have me wear white muslin now! Why, I'm an old woman, dear."

Richard stooped and kissed the lips that trembled between a sigh and a smile.

"To the world outside, perhaps; never to me. But you know what is fitting, dear, and whether the gown be of muslin or wool it will be all the same to me, so long as it's your wedding gown."

The day before the wedding Miss Mercy felt that the old red house hardly belonged to her. Mr. Treat had shut up the brick school-house for the day, and all the young people made a pilgrimage to the woods in the morning, whence they returned laden with trailing green and hemlock boughs. In consequence, Miss Mercy was turned out of her own best room and sitting-room, which were invaded by these eager young friends and their woodland spoils.

In the kitchen she found Miss Bassett polishing the best glass and china, while Mrs. Hackett managed numberless savory saucepans, and pots, and kettles, that were bubbling away on the cookstove, and four or five other good neighbors were standing or flying about, bent on errands entirely incomprehensible to Miss Mercy.

The minister's wife and Miss Thankful Tremane were busy over something in the dining-room, she knew, and Tilda White had just appeared to help them.

How good every one was!

The ready tears gushed to Miss Mercy's eyes, and she retreated to her own chamber that she might sit down a moment and quiet her agitated feelings. She sank into the little rocking-chair by the window and looked about her. On the bed lay the gray gown in which she had just taken the final stitch, and beside it a little pile of dainty things she had made for that other wedding-day long, long ago when she was a girl.

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"I wonder if I could have been happier then," reflected Miss Mercy, lifting the lid of the chest and fondly turning over the contents. "Ah, the dream of my girlhood cannot be all fulfilled, but the peace in my heart could never have been deeper."

She heard the Major's strong, cheery voice ring out in the room below, and she started and blushed. "He is not greatly changed," she said, "for all the years."

As Miss Mercy was indulging in these dreams, there came a light tap at the door and young Mrs. White peeped in. She had come on some prosaic errand, but when she saw the sweet face bending over the chest, and the things laid out upon the bed, she would have quietly slipped away had not Miss Mercy looked up and called her back.

"Oh, Miss Mercy, I'm so glad," whispered the young woman, putting her arm about the slender shoulders, and then they sat in silence until a brisk voice at the door inquired impatiently, "Well, Tilda, can you get a cloth or must we borrow one from Mrs. Holland?"

The minister's wife and Miss Bassett stood in the doorway and Tilda sprang to her feet.

"Why, I quite forgot my errand," she exclaimed. "Miss Mercy, have you a long tablecloth? We're planning for to-morrow."

Miss Mercy turned to the chest again. "Why, yes," she said, "I have a long cloth here; will this do?"

The minister's wife took the piece of handsome damask and carefully unfolded it.

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"It's never been used, I declare," she exclaimed. "Mercy Clark, do you mean to say you've kept your things hid away all these years when they couldn't do anybody a mite of good?"

Miss Mercy flushed painfully, and Tilda, her eyes filled with reproach, made haste to say, "Why, she couldn't use them before, Aunty. They are her wedding things. I'm sure that cloth will be just the thing, dear Miss Mercy."

Miss Bassett was handling the damask wonderingly. "It ain't yellowed a bit," she remarked. "Did you keep it wrapped in a blue paper, Miss Mercy?"

When the morrow came a light snow was falling gently over Middleway like a bridal veil, and the people who gathered from far and near in the early afternoon, had to stop for much stamping and shaking at the outer door before they were admitted to the red house.

As wraps and overshoes were laid aside and the guests assembled in the sitting-room, there were many exclamations of approval passed from mouth to mouth. The young folks had made the room a bower of green, and the sweet odor of hemlock filled the air.

Tilda had come early to help Miss Mercy dress, but she found her already attired in the soft gray gown, and only in need of Tilda's deft fingers to assist in arranging the creamy, rich old lace about her throat.

Then she went down alone to find the Major waiting for her at the foot of the stairs, and no eyes beheld their meeting on this their wedding-day.

Now they stood together near the entrance, welcoming each friend who came to rejoice with them, and the stream of eager people still poured in.

"Whatever shall we do with them all?" cried Miss Bassett excitedly. "I declare, Tilda, if this wedding isn't going to beat yours. I thought Middleway would never know such another day as that, but this—why, if there isn't old Grandpa Hackett! He hasn't been out of the house after October for more than ten years."

"Mine was just an ordinary wedding," said Tilda, glancing at her husband with eyes that belied this statement, "but this is a gathering such as few people have the honor of attending. How beautiful it is!"

"Yes," said Miss Bassett, having assured herself that Grandfather Hackett was safely indoors, "and the young folks have made it all very pretty, too; but I do wish it had come in summer-time, like your wedding, Tilda; then we could have had more flowers."

"Nay, this is more fitting," said the minister, who had joined the group. "That was a wedding of youth and summer-time, dear friend. It is more fitting to-day that we should look upon the symbols of full maturity, and my heart rejoices that this gentle snow should fall to purify the earth and bid us think of the honor of a hoary head."

The two rooms were filling fast with the happy mass of sympathetic human souls, and at last a lull in the opening and shutting of the outer door seemed to signify that all the guests had arrived.

Then a hush fell over the assembly, and it seemed as if every one drew a deep breath as the gray-haired bridegroom led the woman of his heart to the arch of hemlock where the minister stood waiting for them.

It was a very simple service, only a few sacred, solemn words freighted with the tender sympathy of the pastor's voice; only a moment and all was over; but these two had been waiting nearly half a century to hear those words; for nearly half a century had their patient lives grown toward this sacred moment. As the minister uttered the solemn words, "I pronounce thee man and wife," they turned to one another with a look, a kiss, in which all else was forgotten.

Something like a sob broke from the little gathering of friends—even the fair cheeks of the children were moist with tears they did not understand—but only for a moment; then a great joyful murmur filled the air and the bride and groom were nearly overwhelmed with loving embraces.

Every man in the room kissed the bride, and I think it is safe to say that every woman kissed the groom, while the children clung about their knees and pulled at gown and coat-tails.

Miss Mercy—nay, Mrs. Mercy now—wiped away her joyful tears and tried to smile her gratitude, and the Major beamed gloriously.

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At length, when every one had had a chance to proffer congratulations, the Major proudly offered his arm to his wife and led her to the dining-room, where, in the centre of the long table, stood a great wedding-cake which the minister's wife had made with her own hands. There were other good things upon the table, and when these had rapidly disappeared, and the cake had been cut and divided, there was a general movement toward the sitting-room again.

The Major had declared that he would have just such a wedding trip as they had planned to take so long ago, and Doctor Clifford had offered to drive them over to Layton to meet the afternoon train.

"It is almost time to leave," observed the Doctor, showing his watch to the Major as they left the dining-room. "I will give you fifteen minutes for closing exercises."

At that Mr. Treat came forward with his violin and begged that all, old and young, join in a Virginia reel, the dance to be headed by Major and Mrs. Martin.

Never was so long a reel made in Middleway; it extended through the two rooms, for hardly a guest remained seated, and poor Mr. Treat's arm was quite weary with fiddling before the bride and groom had reeled to the end of the long line.

Then Mrs. Mercy went up to put on her new bonnet and wrap, and all the boys rushed to help the Major with his overcoat, and in a few moments more they were gone, a shower of rice falling about them.

"What a wedding!" cried Miss Fraser, wiping her eyes as she stepped back into the house. "I just knew good luck was coming to the Major when I saw that strange handwriting and the Missouri postmark."

As for the little bridal party driving through the snow, few words were spoken. Doctor Clifford had his thoughts for company and they were of the summer-time. Perhaps the thoughts of those two, who sat with clasped hands looking into one another's eyes, were of the summer-time also. "Love knows no calendar," 'tis said.

As they drove up at the station, the train was just rolling in and neither observed a bevy of young people, hastily disembarking from a big wagon, until a merry cheer fell upon their ears. Then, as the Major followed his bride into the car, a storm of rice rattled over them, and the other travelers turned to stare in surprise and amusement.

"The young rascals," muttered the gray-haired bridegroom, laughing as they sank into their seats. "Let them have their fun; we don't mind, do we, wife?" and he bent over to look in her downcast eyes.

Perhaps an idle observer smiled, but then, he did not know the story of their waiting.

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When Queen Victoria's Lamp Smoked.—The other day, when Queen Victoria was seated in her drawing-room, with several of her household in attendance, the lamp placed close beside her began to smoke. To the horror and astonishment of the company the Queen promptly raised her august hand and turned down the flame.

"Your Majesty," said the lady-in-waiting, in awestruck tones, "why did you trouble to do that yourself?"

"Because," said the Queen, "if I had called out 'This lamp is smoking!' one of you ladies would have said to the equerry, 'See! the lamp is smoking!' and the equerry would have called out to the nearest servant, 'Here! the Queen's lamp is smoking!' and that servant would have called to a footman to attend it, and all the time the lamp would have gone on smoking; so I preferred to turn it down myself."

"WHEN YOU COME HOME"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, June 4, 1898

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The Danger Side of Newspapers

WARS fall into many categories: there is the aggressive, the defensive, the dynastic, the religious, the ideal, the political; and all based upon many "causes," says J. F. Nisbet, in St. Paul's. The Spanish-American War is a type apart. It is a newspaper-made war, the first, though probably not the last, of its kind. It is quite certain that the New York and Chicago press have hurried the American Government into hostilities apropos of Cuba before the naval or military departments of the great Republic were ready for action; and now that war has begun, there is a strong risk of movements being undertaken not in obedience to tactical necessities, but solely for the purpose of getting something done, and supplying the newspapers with attractive headlines.

Under the old regime, we may be sure, war, supposing it to be deliberately intended on humanitarian grounds, would not have been declared by America for at least a couple of months to come. Now that hostilities are openly entered upon, the necessity for action, however needless and abortive, is imperative. An ominous feature of the situation is that already there is a lack of effectual headlines for the newspaper bills. This will never do. In other respects, war *à la mode* appears to be conducted under disadvantageous conditions. No secrecy is possible. Every movement of the American ships and troops is discussed and criticised.

The decisions of the naval and military authorities are reported in the newspapers even before they become operative. Newspaper despatch boats now accompany the American fleet, reporting every movement, and, as far as they can judge, every intention of the responsible Commanders. Consequently, the enemy is kept as well posted in the American plan of campaign as the sovereign people themselves. Many of the newspapers which claim to be intensely American are really prolonging the war in their insane desire to handle sensational news. The distinction is indeed slight between the traitor who places valuable information in the hands of the enemy and the newspaper which divulges valuable State secrets merely for the sake of printing news.

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Shall We Unite With England?

THERE are two ways of looking at the remarkable speech of Mr. Chamberlain, says the New York Times. He not only plainly indicated the possibility of an understanding between Great Britain and the United States, going to the length of a complete alliance, with the two flags flying in war above united forces, but he frankly admitted the need of some such alliance to enable Great Britain to meet the Powers that may combine against her. Here are his momentous words: "The time has arrived when Great Britain may be confronted by a combination of Powers, and our first duty, therefore, is to draw all parts of the Empire into close unity, and our next to maintain the bonds of permanent unity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic.

"There is a powerful and generous nation," said Mr. Chamberlain, "speaking our language, bred of our race, and having interests identical with ours. I would go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

One way to regard these utterances is to accept them as the bid of an English statesman in power, deeply concerned at the possible perils of the future. Another way of regarding Mr. Chamberlain's address is to take it as the sincere expression of a growing National feeling of sympathy with this country, admiration for our purposes, confidence in our success, and a desire to join with us in attaining the beneficent triumph of the principle of ordered freedom which is common to both nations and shared by none other. Neither of these interpretations is wholly correct. Mr. Chamberlain would not venture to use such words if he were not sure of a strong support among the political class which he represents, and among the mass of the people. On the other hand, neither Mr. Chamberlain nor any other responsible politician would at this time give such expression to it as he has given unless he felt that the permanent interests of Great Britain not only permitted, but required, that he should do so. Practically, his speech is a public warning to all the Continental Powers that if they go too far in threatening the interests of England, England will seek an alliance with the United States, not merely defensive, but aggressive.

But we may well ask—we are bound by common prudence to ask—what is the "good and noble cause" in which it is possible to enlist with England? There is but one answer. The cause and the interests for which it is conceivable that the great Anglo-Saxon forces shall unite are all included in the one purpose—freedom of commerce for the world. In every quarter of the globe, among the teeming populations of the two great Asiatic continents, and over the almost unpeopled regions of Africa, as well as throughout the more backward lands of Europe, civilization is steadily advancing, and the vital function of modern civilization is the creation and satisfaction of the varied wants to which trade ministers. Toward this civilization Great Britain stands the recognized champion. The other Powers seek to monopolize its benefits, and in that are its opponents. An alliance of Great Britain and the United States would be an alliance with the beneficent forces that guide the evolution of the human race throughout the world. And in all human probability, it would make for peace, for it would be too powerful to be resisted successfully, and wherever its jurisdiction extended the free commerce that dreads war would also go.

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What is the Best Philanthropy?

UPON no point is human opinion more divided than upon what constitutes genuine love for one's fellow-creatures, says the San Francisco Chronicle. There are those who spend their lives in unselfish toil, only to dissipate their earnings among the less fortunate or less worthy. Others religiously set apart a certain portion of their income for the founding or support of institutions whose influence is every year swelling the growth of the pauper class. In short, there is so much false philanthropy in existence, so much benevolence which exerts a disastrous effect upon society, that it is difficult to determine where the good influence of charity stops and demoralization begins. As institutions multiply for the coddling of the unfortunate, candidates for entry multiply far beyond any reasonable ratio. The same may be said of the demand for funds handled by societies which undertake to alleviate the miseries and supply the wants of the poor. Yet, in the absence of any other avenue of relief, the kind-hearted have no other method of meeting instances of genuine distress. But it is an open question whether the world is advancing or retrograding through the employment of such methods.

Individual charity, which works in secret channels and which has no recognition as charity, is the true course in this stage of human progress. He who perceives the unspoken need, who stretches out a helping hand to assist a friend over the rough places of life, who loans money without interest to one who has been shipwrecked on the financial sea, has done the best turn to humanity. He who founds a school to make the young self-helpful gives an upward impulse to future generations. The very best philanthropist of all, however, is the man who creates new industries or who widens existing channels of employment. Useful employment at good wages, and plenty of it, is the watchword of all material progress. It contributes to the substantial wealth of the world, and at the same time gives the citizen occupation and a support, the two antidotes to pauperism. That is the best philanthropy.

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Wheat, the Preserver of Peace

IF ANY fear exists that European Powers are likely to court hostilities with the United States, it will be dispelled by the action these Powers are taking in relation to importation and exportation of wheat and other food supplies, says the Commercial Advertiser. France has been compelled to admit wheat, and Italy to admit all cereals, duty free, and Germany and Austria are meditating a similar step. Russia, it is reported, is about to issue a decree against exportation of cereals, and Spain is about to prohibit exportation of food products and to remit imposts on importation of them.

What would happen in the event of war between a group of the great Powers of Europe and the United States can be readily conjectured. An embargo upon the exportation of food supplies from this country would place those Powers practically at our mercy. Confronted with starvation at home, their vast armaments would be virtually useless. All their military strength would be needed to suppress domestic insurrection caused by want of subsistence. Instead of bread riots here and there, as is now the case, they would be general.

In the present large dependence of Europe upon the United States for food products rests in great measure our security against foreign attack. While the population of Europe is steadily increasing, her ability to produce subsistence is steadily diminishing, and she is more and more forced to seek food supplies from the United States and other outside sources. England, France and Germany may augment their armies and navies, but this is a condition they are powerless to overcome. Herein lies a guarantee of peace between the United States and great Powers of the Old World. In attacking us they would be attacking their granaries.

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How Business Men Help the Army

THE action of many business establishments throughout the country in granting to such of their employees as may enlist for the war a continuation of salary during absence and reëmployment upon return, is eminently patriotic and praiseworthy, says the Washington Star. It is just such action as fits the situation in the United States, where the citizen of to-day is the soldier of to-morrow, and, the war being over, he returns at once again to peaceful avocation. The soldier is but poorly paid at best. Those dependent upon him must continue to be provided for.

He sacrifices a great deal in leaving them, taking all of a soldier's risks, and reducing them, as well as himself, to the meagre earnings of the camp. To set his mind at rest on this point, therefore; to provide for his family in his absence by continuing his salary to them, will be to increase his usefulness a hundredfold. He will likewise greatly benefit by the reflection that he is not losing ground at home during his absence. If he survives the war he will not have to begin at the bottom again or be forced to search anew for employment. The volunteer soldier also encounters many hardships. He risks his life off as well as on the field of battle. He is entitled to all consideration, both as regards his services in the field and opportunity for him after the war is over. Whatever is calculated, therefore, to give him additional heart for the struggle, and comfort while he is engaged in it, adds materially to the fighting resources of the country.

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Our Trusty Citizen Sailors

ALTHOUGH not designed as a Federal Naval Reserve, the naval militia in the seventeen States having such organizations might be promptly drawn upon by the Navy Department, as a matter of necessity, upon the first indication of an emergent situation, says the Philadelphia Record. There are but three thousand seven hundred men in service in this hitherto inconspicuous adjunct of our naval forces, and of these only a mere handful have performed actual drill duty, or have had the benefit of training and practice on board of a modern man-of-war.

The best, if not the only, place in which men can be trained to handle ships-of-war is on board of a war-ship. A little active work of this sort goes a long way with the quick-witted young men of the naval militia. That they have profited by it is evident.

There is, of course, but little chance of distinction or opportunity for increasing naval knowledge in this hasty employment of a naval militia force in an assumed emergency. The important thing for consideration at this juncture is, however, that for the first time in our naval history an organized militia force has been placed in a responsible position on a Federal man-of-war, with a Federal naval officer in command. This opens up immense possibilities.

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The Decay of the Chinese Empire

THE Chinese Empire seems to be dying, as a man dies in catalepsy, with all organs perfect, with no appearance of disease, but with the body fixed in a strange, almost a mystical, powerlessness, says the London Spectator. No Army has invaded China since the Japanese retreated. No fleet has shelled her ports. There has been no rebellion in any province. The Emperor is as absolute as ever, the organization of his Government is quite complete, his people are submissively loyal, but the life of the whole is apparently suspended. His Army flits from port to port at the bidding of each foreign invader, apparently without an idea of firing a shot. His people, three hundred millions of peasants and artisans, who have held together for three thousand years, who are individually brave, industrious and efficient, look on quietly, making no cry, deserting, yet worshiping, their Imperial lord.

They are beyond measure proud, but their pride does not stir them to action. They hate the invaders, but their hate gives them no energy. They possess resources, even for war, almost without limit, but they accept passively the dictation of the owners of a few ships. They do not even rise in magnificent incoherence, as the Peruvians did, and try to crush the invaders by mere numbers, but look on passively, as if the terrible scene going on were no business of theirs. Nothing like it in history, says Mr. Balfour; there is nothing like it in fiction or in verse, for no imagination, once stirred to exert itself, could dream of such passivity.

Told of the Authors

Contemporary Writers at Home

Miss Braddon as an Actress.—It is said that the early ambitions of Miss M. E. Braddon, the novelist, were Thespian and even pantomimic. She made her début in a Brighton theatre, about forty years ago, as Fairy Pineapple, in a burlesque entitled the Prince of Fairyland. During the year or two that she was on the stage, she impersonated no less than fifty-eight distinct characters, her last part being a picturesque Industria in a pantomime version of Little Red Riding-Hood. She was then known as Miss Mary Leyton, and an old actor who remembers her says that she had a wealth of black hair, a statuesque figure and a fine face, strongly expressive, and that she had decided talent and marked dramatic powers.

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Inventing a Real Heroine.—Mr. Justin McCarthy, Member of Parliament, tells a curious story regarding the heroine in his novel, Donna Quixote. The character, a rich young widow, full of impracticable philanthropic schemes, was entirely his own creation; but, a short time after the book was published, he received a letter complimenting him on the clever portrait of Mrs. ———, who, the writer was glad to know, was a common friend. A year or so later the novelist made the acquaintance of this Mrs. ———, and found that she was really a living picture of his heroine.

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Resenting O'Rell's Insult.—Once, when Max O'Rell was staying at a hotel, he had occasion to complain of the marked incivility and neglect of a waiter. The proprietor apologized, assuring Max O'Rell that no such complaint had ever been made before. When the waiter was duly reprimanded, he explained himself thus: "It's no' to be expected that a self-respecting Scotsman could wait on him with civility. Didn't he say we took to the kilt because our feet were too large to get through trousers?"

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R. H. Stoddard and the Tomatoes.—At a dinner given to Richard Henry Stoddard, the famous literary critic and poet, the chairman told this story of the guest: "Stoddard was opening a tin of tomatoes one night. Sounds that came from the kitchen convinced Mrs. Stoddard that her husband was not accomplishing his task without a struggle. Finally she called to him, 'What are you doing, dear?' 'Opening this tin of tomatoes,' came up the rather gruff answer. 'What are you opening it with?' 'With a knife. Did you think I was using my teeth?' 'Not at all, dear,' came the answer; 'I thought from your language you were opening it with a prayer.'"

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Mrs. Sangster's Inspiration.—Recently, in conversation with a friend, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the well-known poet, said that a gentleman once asked her when she wrote her poems, and she answered him, "I do not know." But afterward, in thinking it over, she realized that they were really written while she was riding in the cars or walking. Probably this accounts for the ease and naturalness of Mrs. Sangster's poetry. One could hardly conceive that these light and graceful touches on subjects that are deep in the human soul could come if she sat down, saying to herself, "I will write a poem."

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Jokai's First Allegiance.—Maurus Jokai, author of the Lion of Jonina, has gifts of the tongue as well as gifts of the pen. He was presented to the Emperor William when the latter visited Buda-Pesth, but was called away to speak to the Archduchess Maria Josef. Returning, after a few moments, he said in apology: "Your Majesty must excuse me, but my allegiance to ladies comes before my allegiance to monarchs."

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Zola's Perseverance.—When M. Émile Zola heard that he got only four votes at the latest election of members for the French Academy instead of eight, as he got the time before, he said: "What! I have really four! I am surprised, for I never expected it, having taken no part in the poll. The election was arranged beforehand, and therefore it was useless to pay any attention to it. To tell the truth, these Academic elections have no effect on me. I confine myself to putting up for every seat vacant, and then I wait to see the result without the slightest emotion. Of course, I shall continue a candidate, but I no longer pay the traditional visits. I paid them once, that is enough. And I shall continue to go on in this way. Where it will lead, goodness only knows."

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Riley's Prized Valise.—James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, says: "I am continually haunted by the fear that my trunk will be lost, so I go about the country with a grip. In case there is ever a fearful railway accident, and among the *débris* is a valise with an arm attached to it firmly, they may bury it, without any further identification, as the fragments of the Hoosier poet."

THE RICHEST COLLEGE IN AMERICA

BY WILLIAM PERRINE

THE richest college in America is the one founded by Stephen Girard. In fact, no millionaire-made college of modern times has yet surpassed it in wealth. The combined benefactions of Stanford and Rockefeller, munificent as they were, do not surpass its accumulations, for the value of all the property with which Girard College is endowed and from which it draws its income represents to-day twenty-seven million dollars.

Harvard is usually associated in the American mind with the thought of collegiate riches. Yet, after more than two hundred and fifty years, the fund which all its properties could be converted into would be much less than one-half of the patrimony of Girard College, and would probably not exceed eleven million dollars. Indeed, four of the chief universities which had long been in existence before Girard College was ever thought of—Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the University of Pennsylvania—now hardly more than equal the amount of its productive wealth. When Girard passed away, he was estimated to be worth about seven million dollars. But so judiciously was much of this money invested, and so skillfully has it been handled by the Trustees of the City of Philadelphia, to which Girard confided his great trust, that it may now be said to have become the most heavily endowed seat of education in America. It solicits no contributions, it needs no gifts, it pays out more than half a million dollars on its pupils, and all its income is that which flows altogether from the generous bounty of its founder.

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Girard has been dead for sixty-six years. The college was not opened until fifteen years after his death. Yet, sagacious as the old mariner and merchant was in his forethought, he could hardly have foreseen for it the development which it has reached in only fifty years. Few rich men who have disposed of vast fortunes by will have accomplished as much lasting good or have had their wishes executed in more accord with their own directions. There have been some departures here and there from the exact letter of the instrument, but none of them has in any way invalidated his main purpose. This, as he expressed it, was to "provide for such a number of poor, male, white, orphan children as can be trained in one institution, a better education, as well as a more comfortable maintenance, than they usually receive from the public funds."

Even at this late day, the methods and the remarkable extent of his beneficence are but comparatively little known, for the spirit in which the college has been ruled is as simple and as unostentatious as that of Girard himself. It is true that it is a college which makes no claim to the higher learning. And yet the visitor, the moment he passes within the gates of the great stone wall which incloses its grounds, is struck with the beauty of a scene of architecture unsurpassed at any of the great seats of learning.

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There, looming up in all the massive and stately grandeur of the pillared temples of ancient Corinth, is a majestic edifice of seventy-six thousand tons of marble, on which alone two million dollars was spent at a time when that amount was not far from double in value what it is to-day. Scattered here and there over forty-two acres, and rising from the green sward in almost snowy whiteness, are eleven other marble structures.

The bustle of the great city out beyond the fortress-like wall is all but banished. Within, there is something of the serenity of the field and the woods. A party of boys are romping in the grass. Another and older set are busy poring over a map. A bright young woman, leading a group of urchins to a dormitory. A professor is pleasantly explaining some mooted point on the laws of base-ball to the youths who have eagerly gathered around him. From the greenhouse some of the teachers are coming out with bunches of flowers in their hands. At the manual-training school several boys have stopped to inspect a tool and a curiously turned block of wood which one of them is carrying. Then is heard, as from the distance, a strain of martial music. Advancing with a West Point stateliness of column, the cadets sweep over the parade-ground, their guns flashing in the sunshine. Some pale-faced little fellows, who have just risen from sick-beds, come to the windows, their eyes dancing with delight and sympathy.

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Here and there, too, may be seen sad, or stolid, or stupid faces. But the whole effect of the first glance of the visitor is inspiriting. And when he goes into the beautiful Gothic chapel, which many a university would envy, and looks down over the sixteen hundred lads, big and little, he notes at once a good average of healthy sturdiness and bright intelligence among them, rather than the dull, listless faces found in public charities.

These sixteen hundred have come from many parts of the United States. Thus Girard directed that boys born in what is called "the old city" in Philadelphia should have precedence; next those born in other parts of Pennsylvania, and lastly those born in New Orleans and New York, for of both these cities he had a sentimental recollection of his days as a young French sailor on his first voyages. The lads must be at least six and not more than ten years of age when they enter, and they are not expected to remain after they have reached the age of eighteen. The term "orphan" is construed to mean a boy whose father is dead; if his mother is living, that does not lessen his eligibility for admission if she is unable to properly provide for him.

As soon as he enters the college, it becomes not only his instructor, but his guardian, his master, his parents. The mother binds him out as an apprentice to the college by executing an indenture. The Trustees then guarantee to feed, clothe, educate and generally "take care" of him until he is old enough to go out into the world and earn a livelihood. In fact, the college is the only important survival we have in this country to-day of the old apprentice system.

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It is the only place in America where an army of boys have nothing to do but to learn and to grow for eight or ten years, without cost to themselves or to anybody else now living, and are provided with daily comforts which many a student in Harvard or Yale has been unable to command. The expenditures of the college represent $350 a year for each pupil. This is much more than the average boy of both poor and rich American households costs his parents up to the time he is eighteen; it is even more than many an American collegian pays for his board and tuition.

Girard's idea of a sound education was instruction in reading, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geography, navigation, surveying, practical mathematics, astronomy, natural, chemical and experimental philosophy, and the French and Spanish languages. In his will he laid these down as necessary things. Latin and Greek he would neither forbid nor recommend, and "such other learning and science" as the capacities of the scholars might warrant he left as optional, only taking care to insist that he would have "facts and things, rather than words and signs" taught, and especially "a pure attachment to our republican institutions, and to the sacred rights of conscience as guaranteed by our happy Constitutions."

The curriculum, indeed, sometimes begins with the alphabet. "That boy doesn't know his A B C's yet," said an over-critical official somewhat contemptuously of a poor little fellow who had just been admitted at the very lowest age possible. "Well," sharply observed one of the Trustees, an ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, "look after him just the best you know how, and remember that Abraham Lincoln, at his age, didn't know a bit more." Before that boy leaves the college he will have the opportunity to acquire, not only what Girard set down as the essentials of an education, but elocution, vocal music, manual-training, electrical mechanics, and a military discipline.

Girard College is a great juvenile democracy. No boy has more privileges than another except those which he wins by superior conduct. Thus each is credited with one thousand marks at the beginning of his term, and for each offense he may commit there is a loss or a deduction in the stock of marks with which he started on equal terms with all his comrades. Nor are the punishments severe. The ordinary one which the teachers and governesses are permitted to exercise is to cause the insubordinate pupil to stand with his face to the wall for twenty minutes, or to deprive him of the pleasures of the playgrounds. It is only through the President that the authority for corporal punishment may be obtained, and it is exercised more reluctantly and much less frequently than it was in the early days of the college when "the rod" was often used.

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Indeed, at every point possible the self-respect and the individuality of the boy are preserved. He is known by his name, and not by a number; he wears no distinctive garb; he is never reminded, unless it is through thoughtless teachers, that he is a dependent on charity. The idea that a boy should work for his education is entirely discarded. He is treated pretty much the same as a boarder with special privileges. No labor is expected of him except dressing himself, and blacking his shoes, and keeping his person clean. Every suit of clothes he wears is cut to his own measure by a tailor, and delivered with his own name on it. He has a porcelain-lined bathtub, which he must enter twice a week. He has his own comb, his own hairbrush, his own towels, his own toothbrush; a physician is always at his command, and no belle keeps her teeth whiter or in better order than are his teeth under the care of the dentists, who begin to watch his mouth from the day he first enters the class-room and do so until he leaves.

Nor is there any way in which a boy can spend money within the college walls. Many of the lads, indeed, are so friendless that they do not have five cents of their own the year 'round; others, with uncles or aunts or friends, may accumulate several dollars. It is expected that they will turn over their money to a governess or a prefect, and when it reaches one dollar a regular deposit account at the Philadelphia Saving Fund is opened in the name of the thrifty youth. Doubtless, nothing else would give more satisfaction to Girard, were he alive, than to see that his boys had been taught enough about the value of money to put away in a year or two a total saving of more than two thousand dollars.

The example of the founder as a lesson in thrift is often pointed out to them. Indeed, the memory of Girard is held in profound veneration. His marble tomb is the first object to which the visitor pays homage within the portals of the temple. Nearby are kept as sacred relics his desk, his silverware, his furniture, the gig in which he rode about, the bedstead on which he died, a pair of his stout boots, and his bootjack. But few of the boys are old enough to understand this wonderful man. It is noted that they rarely express themselves in anything like sympathetic admiration of him until after they have reached manhood. "What is your opinion of Mr. Girard, my boy?" a bright lad of fourteen was asked. "I don't know much about him, only he was a French cabin boy at my age," was the reply; "but I don't see how a plain, one-eyed old man could have saved all the money to run this college. But he must have been a good-hearted old gentleman for all that." Yet, after they go out into the world and face its struggles, they are often heard to exclaim, "God bless old Stephen Girard! How I thank him."

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And now let us glance at the daily routine of the college. At six o'clock in the morning the chapel bell is heard in every dormitory. A governess or a prefect, having each twenty or forty boys in a large apartment, appears at the door and salutes them with "Arise, boys!" or "Good morning, my boys!" "Good morning, teacher!" is the response which comes from them in lively unison, although occasionally some mischievous urchin, in merriment, may be heard to ejaculate, "Rats!" Before the end of the next half-hour they have made their morning toilette at their lavatories, and then, filing past the governess, each one stops to hold up his shoe in order that it may be inspected.

They then march to the great dining-hall, where more than a thousand plates are laid on tables of snowy whiteness, glittering with the sparkle of castors. Each boy has his regular place; each his napkin and his little Scotch-plaid napkin ring, and each receives from his governess or prefect some hint or word of advice, whenever it may be needed, as to the etiquette of the table. The bill-of-fare for the three meals of the day is very plain, but wholesome and abundant—a cup of coffee, buttered bread, and beef hash usually at breakfast; for dinner, roast beef or roast lamb and vegetables, and on Sunday dessert; for supper, bread, milk, and stewed fruit of some kind.

Ten barrels of flour are turned into three thousand loaves of bread a day. Some critics of the college think that the bill-of-fare should be more varied; but the boys undoubtedly thrive well on it. At eight o'clock they go to the chapel, and after the devotions are over the governesses or prefects transfer them to the class-rooms, in the charge of the teachers or professors, until the noon hour. In the interval that follows until two o'clock they are again in the custody of the governesses or the prefects, and then for two hours, or until four o'clock, they once more are under the control of the instructors.

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At this hour, double files of boys, headed by a governess or a prefect, may be seen emerging from various buildings and all marching with a swinging, but precise, step over the smooth asphaltum walks toward the chapel. In a few minutes almost every seat in the auditorium is taken. The hundreds of closely cropped heads of the little fellows, the cleanly brushed hair and the bright eyes of the older boys, their neat clothes and their modest mien, make them a pleasant lot of youth to look upon. They wear odd-shaped caps and long trousers. The majority of the faces are American types; the Germans seem to come next, and the Irish not far behind

THE MAIN BUILDING, CONTAINING MEMORIAL HALL, LIBRARY AND SCHOOLROOMS

them, while the ever docile Russian-Hebrew may be seen here and there among the recent arrivals. Not long ago an earnest attempt was made to include black boys among them, but it was promptly decided that when Girard said "white male orphans," only the child of the Caucasian was meant.

The President on the platform has to wait only a few seconds for absolute silence. He reads a passage from the New Testament, a hymn from the "Manual of the Chapel" is next sung with fine spirit, and a brief prayer concludes the exercises. This chapel is a cause of daily surprise to visitors. Thus the first question put to every gentleman, as he enters the gates of the janitor's lodge, is, "Are you a clergyman?" in accordance with the explicit directions of Girard that no member of the clergy should ever have access to the college or the grounds, to the end that the pupils might grow up entirely free of the clash of sectarian controversy. "Now, if that is the case, why, then, do you have a chapel?" is the question frequently put to the college authorities. But the Supreme Court decided, when Daniel Webster made his bold attempt to break down the will by contending that it provided for an atheistic and immoral college, that the act of excluding ministers did not mean that Christian instruction should be debarred, in the least degree, so long as it was not sectarian.

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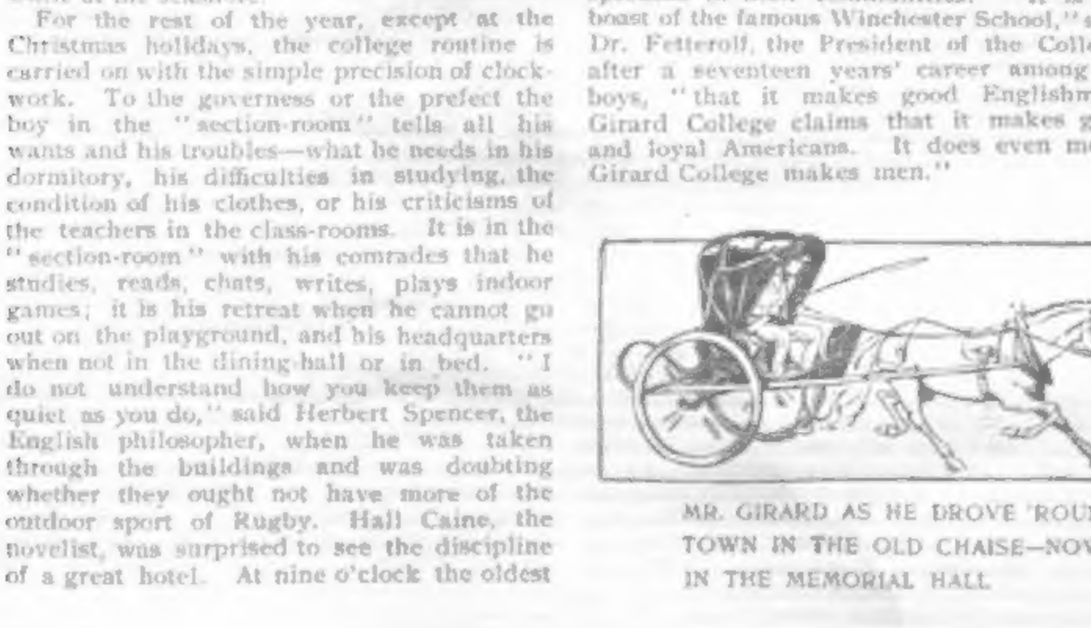
The Bible is read daily, the hymns and the prayers are religious in form and spirit, and every Sunday one or more Christian laymen deliver a discourse. Yet the college is occasionally, even at this late day, spoken of in some parts of the country as an "irreligious institution." But not fewer than twelve of its graduates are Christian ministers, although they thus have no legal right to ever again visit their alma mater. The fact is, that the college is Christian in all those things in which Christians unite. "How do we keep their morals straight?" said one of the professors. "Well, simply by the instruction in the chapel, and by the exercise every hour of the day of the common-sense which any intelligent father or mother is supposed to exercise over a boy."

The governesses for the boys under twelve, and the prefects for the boys over that age, are to them as parents. Three days of the year are known as "Mothers' Day," and the mothers are not expected to visit the college at any other time unless for a specially urgent purpose at the discretion of the President. This rule may seem too rigid, and some poor mothers have kept their boys with them on this account, but it is done for the boys' welfare. It is remarkable that in the course of fifty years there have been only one hundred and seventy-four of the pupils who



"THE BOYS WEAR ODD-SHAPED CAPS AND LONG TROUSERS"

have died at the college, although each of them lives there for an average period of six years. So rigid is the college in watching over the health of its inmates, that when mothers apply to take their boys away for the summer vacation term, they must guarantee to keep them out of the city or where they may not be exposed to disease. But in the summer the five hundred boys of the battalion of cadets have the privilege of camping for a while at the seashore.

For the rest of the year, except at the Christmas holidays, the college routine is carried on with the simple precision of clockwork. To the governess or the prefect the boy in the "section-room" tells all his wants and his troubles—what he needs in his dormitory, his difficulties in studying, the condition of his clothes, or his criticisms of the teachers in the class-rooms. It is in the "section-room" with his comrades that he studies, reads, chats, writes, plays indoor games; it is his retreat when he cannot go out on the playground, and his headquarters when not in the dining-hall or in bed. "I do not understand how you keep them as quiet as you do," said Herbert Spencer, the English philosopher, when he was taken through the buildings and was doubting whether they ought not have more of the outdoor sport of Rugby. Hall Caine, the novelist, was surprised to see the discipline of a great hotel. At nine o'clock the oldest boys had gone to bed. All the lights were out for the night. Hardly a sound is again heard, save the breathing of the multitude in slumber, until the chapel bell gives forth its morning signal.

Six thousand students have entered the college since it was opened, and the oldest is still only sixty years of age. It is proud of a compliment which a President of the Pennsylvania Railroad is said to have paid its graduates, when he remarked that, "if orders are to be carried out to the letter intelligently, a Girard College graduate fills the bill better than any one I know of." The founder's purpose was that each boy should be "bound out," under the old apprentice

A BIT OF THE CARPENTER SHOP

system, when his term as an apprentice to the college had expired, to an artisan or tradesman, but that system, in time, came to be abandoned everywhere in this country.

As it is now, there is a college official who obtains employment for the boy, and keeps something of a paternal or advisory eye over him until he has arrived at the age of twenty-one, and is prepared for life's battle. More than seventy per cent. of the graduates go into mercantile business or professional pursuits. In the ministry, at the bar, in medicine, in journalism, and in finance they have been honorably represented. They have even produced two members of Congress. Near the main building stands the figure of a soldier who represents the young manhood that came out of Girard College to give up its life in the war for the Union. The alumni, too, have a long roll of citizens conspicuous in their communities. "It is the boast of the famous Winchester School," says Dr. Fetterolf, the President of the College, after a seventeen years' career among its boys, "that it makes good Englishmen; Girard College claims that it makes good and loyal Americans. It does even more; Girard College makes men."

MR. GIRARD AS HE DROVE 'ROUND TOWN IN THE OLD CHAISE—NOW IN THE MEMORIAL HALL

GLADSTONE and his LIFE-WORK

The Foremost Briton of His Time

THE year 1809 was destined to prove a most beneficent one to the English-speaking race, for it gave Great Britain Gladstone, and America Abraham Lincoln, says the Philadelphia Record. December 29, 1809, was the date, and Liverpool the place of birth, of William Ewart Gladstone, scholar, statesman, orator, author; a legislator for more than threescore years; four times Prime Minister—the greatest of Victoria's reign—and incontestably and immeasurably the first Briton of his time and of the nineteenth century.

The young Gladstone's mind was early given its bent toward the seeking of knowledge. At the age of eleven he went to Eton. In October, 1828, he entered Oxford. The young man took his double first-class in December, 1831, and early in 1832 went to Italy, whence, after a few months of wandering in the land and learning to love it, he was recalled to England to enter political life.

On January 20, 1833, Mr. Gladstone took his seat in the chamber in which he was long to be a conspicuous and commanding figure, and began that public service which continued for over threescore years. At the outset he made no very wonderful impression upon his colleagues or the public, and Disraeli wrote to his sister that "that young man has no future before him." Mr. Gladstone fully attended to his varied duties in the House of Commons, and found time in addition to study law, becoming a member of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Meanwhile the King called upon the Duke of Wellington to form an Administration, and, insisting upon the aid of Sir Robert Peel, that statesman accepted office and made Gladstone a Junior Lord of the Treasury. The next step in official life was advancement to the position of Under Secretary for the Colonies. In the year after Queen Victoria ascended the throne—1838—he published his first book, The State in its Relations with the Church, which created a sensation, and was attacked in an essay by Lord Macaulay. In 1839 Mr. Gladstone was married and began that supremely happy domestic life which was undoubtedly a most salutary aid to his general success.

In 1852 began that wonderful parliamentary duel between Gladstone and Disraeli. They were radically and uncompromisingly opposed, active antagonists on almost every subject that came up for discussion for twenty-four years, and one of them nearly always followed the other in speaking on the opposing side.

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Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer early in 1853, after crushing Disraeli's financial scheme. His first "budget" was introduced on April 18, 1853, and the speech accompanying it lasted five hours, yet few of his hearers suspected its long duration until it was over, so fascinating did the orator make his subject.

But, interrupting the narrative of Mr. Gladstone's superb reform progress, there must be presented what is at once an interesting view of the English statesman. After our Civil War was well under way, he expressed himself upon it in a manner that astounded the whole North. He said:

"We may have our opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South, but there is no doubt, I think, about this—Jefferson Davis and the other leaders of the South have made an Army; they are making, it appears, a Navy; and they have made, gentlemen, what is even of more importance—they have made a nation." Five years later, Mr. Gladstone, with customary candidness, made confession of his mistake.

It became evident about this time that Mr. Gladstone had broken completely away from the positions he had held on public questions in his early career. Now he took the leadership of the parliamentary agitation for the sweeping extension of the suffrage franchise—for the presentation of the right to vote to the working classes and the poor. Popular suffrage came, but it came very slowly. Gladstone's reform bill was brought up in 1866, and he made one of the most impassioned speeches of his life upon it—indeed, reached a height of eloquence which he, perhaps, never excelled. But the bill was lost, and Gladstone and Earl Russell, who had been his chief supporter, resigned office. A few weeks later Lord Derby resigned the Premiership and Mr. Disraeli was appointed in his place. Gladstone was the inevitable man for the office in case the Liberal party should come into power, and it was destined that he should soon supersede his old-time antagonist. The everlasting Irish Question arose. It produced a crisis and resulted in the elevation of Gladstone to the highest place in the British Government.

He performed herculean labor for the disestablishment and disendowment of the State Church in the House of Commons, and the result was that the first great reform in Ireland was accomplished. Then he pressed on to accomplish other reforms for Ireland, and in the meantime, Disraeli having resigned, Gladstone was appointed to the Premiership. Then followed, until 1874, what was well called the Golden Age of Liberalism.

He came into office in December, 1868, for the first of his four terms as Prime Minister, and immediately formed his Cabinet on a basis to insure the progress of his reform principles. The second reform for Ireland to which he devoted himself was in the matter of the land tenure system. The problem of National popular education in Ireland was given careful consideration as a third measure, and so effectually urged upon Parliament that a bill was enacted placing proper school privileges within the reach of the poorest cottager in the country.

"The Alabama Question" was a troublesome problem of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration as Prime Minister, but it was settled to the satisfaction of the United States and the credit of England and her great, conscientious and courageous Premier.

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And once, during "the golden age of Liberalism," included in Mr. Gladstone's first term as Premier, he was defeated—upon the Irish university question, and resigned. Disraeli was called to the office by the Queen, but knowing that his time had not come, refused to accept it. Thereupon Gladstone put aside his personal feelings and again took up the duties of Premiership, which he discharged until February, 1874.

The issue on which he returned to the Premiership was based upon the Bulgarian atrocities. He then declared against the "unspeakable Turk" in such fervor of righteous wrath as to indicate, now that one looks back upon those days, that had he been in command in 1895 and 1896 the Armenian massacres would have been brought sharply to a halt.

Queen Victoria offered the Premiership, on the return of the Liberals to power, successively to Lord Granville and to Lord Huntington; but they declined it and urged that Gladstone alone had led the Liberals to victory, and to him belonged the reward. So to him it was given, and thus in 1880 he entered upon his second term as Prime Minister of Her Majesty.

Mr. Gladstone resigned and Lord Salisbury became Prime Minister in June, 1885; but a few weeks showed that the Government, even with this propitiation, had not a working majority. Then Mr. Gladstone was for a third time called to the Premiership, in 1886. And now, although the Irish members under the leadership of Parnell had pursued a policy of fiercest opposition and obstruction for five years, and had obtained some concessions, Mr. Gladstone favored giving them more, and in April, 1886, when he had come into power, surprised the nation and shocked many of his friends by introducing a bill for the establishment of an Irish Parliament.

One of the most violent periods of parliamentary debate and agitation known to the history of the country followed. Many of Mr. Gladstone's friends forsook their former allegiance to him, and the Liberal-Unionist party being formed, the Government was defeated. In August, 1886, Lord Salisbury succeeded him in the Premiership.

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For the six years following, Mr. Gladstone was the leader of the opposition and the advocate of Irish autonomy. In spite of rather than because of this, he was returned to power by the election of 1892, and for the fourth and final time held the proud position of Premier.

On March 2, 1894, Mr. Gladstone retired from the Premiership. Up to the very last, however, he remained a powerful influence on English thought and action.

In 1896 the "Grand Old Man," from his resting-place at Hawarden, to which he had permanently retired, after sixty-two years of active public life, issued powerful appeals for the independent action of England toward the suppression of the Turk and his chastisement for the massacres in Armenia.

Mr. Gladstone's private life was as exemplary as his political career. On July 25, 1839, he was married at Hawarden, Wales, to Miss Catherine Glynne. The marriage was a perfect one; the life to which it led one of incomparable felicity. His children, like the helpmate of his long life, were "a great joy to his days."

In far more than the mere sense that he wrote books, Gladstone was a literary man. He looked upon life from the literary standpoint, and to some extent from the journalistic. His speeches had literary form and flavor, though he seldom wrote them out. His studies were literary. He delighted in Homer and the classics generally, and studied them with the literary instinct and with the keenest scholastic delight.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Wesley Merritt, Military Governor of the Philippines

The transfer [illegible] General Wesley Merritt from the [illegible] Department of the East, with headquarters [illegible] York City, to the post of Military Governor of the Philippine Islands, is a [illegible] phenomenal skill of Rear Admiral Dewey the United States Government has placed [illegible] valuable territory in the Pacific O[illegible]

[illegible] City on June 16 [illegible] of the greatest cavalry [illegible] He is an officer of marked personal courage, with a record for absolute fairness, and has never been known to [illegible] an enemy.

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Charles E. Clark, Captain of the Oregon

Capt. Charles E. Clark of the battleship Oregon about [illegible] of which during the journey around Cape Horn, there was so much fear as to [illegible] Orleans, he was appointed to the Naval Academy. He was in Foreign on board the Ossipee at the battle of Mobile Bay.

He was in command of the Richmond when that vessel was engaged in the surveys of the North Pacific Ocean, from 1883 to 1886 and was Lighthouse Inspector from 1891 to 1894. He was promoted to the rank of Commander in 1894. In September 1896 he took command of the Mohican and cruised in her for a year. He was in charge of the receiving ship Independence in 1895, and on June 26, 1896 he was promoted to the rank of Captain and assigned to the command of the finest defense vessel Monterey. Nearly [illegible] months ago he was detached from the Monterey and ordered to take command of the magnificent first class battle ship Oregon.

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Don Carlos de Bourbon, the Spanish Pretender

For thirty years Don Carlos VII has considered himself the rightful heir to the throne of Spain. He has once waged battle for his professed rights and now announces his readiness to [illegible] the reins of Government "from those unworthy to hold them." He was born in Laibach, Austria, March 30, 1848. His father, who assumed the name of Carlos V, claimed the throne under the Salic law, and struggled for seven years against Queen Christina, wife of Ferdinand VII, who had obtained from the latter a deathbed will [illegible] excluding his daughter the heir [illegible] Carlos V abdicated his claims in favor [illegible] without issue. Carlos VI was succeeded in [illegible] his brother Juan, but in 1868 he abdicated in favor of his eldest son [illegible] and his followers fled to France for safety. The pretender married a [illegible] the Duke of [illegible] have great wealth, principally through [illegible] nance from the Comtesse de Chambord.

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The Leader of India's Uprising

The late uprising in India is attributed to religious fanaticism, incited by crafty native leaders. In reports and comments upon this excitement the name of Swami Vivekananda figures. As one whose preaching has done much to stir the tribesmen. The Hindu monk, says the Golden Penny, came into notice as the Buddhist [illegible] the World's Congress of Religions in Chicago in 1893, where he delivered [illegible] attracted much [illegible] New York at present the great [illegible]

[illegible] of his Theosophist cult. Mr. Vivekananda [illegible] great money, and something which astonished Americans, refused to accept money from his numerous and enthusiastic admirers. He lived in the simplest manner, and preached his severe Buddhist doctrines wherever he went. In New York he was detained for months by enthusiastic disciples. Swami is a Hindu word meaning free and is given by the religious order to which Vivekananda belongs to those only who have reached spiritual perfection in the natural [illegible] There are only twenty such teachers [illegible] or in the world. They really live [illegible] be [illegible] ascribed to Buddha in Arnold's Light of Asia, wear the plainest garb of yellow, travel from village to village about preaching and teaching, and accept nothing save so much rice or pulse as will fill a little wooden bowl. Swami Vivekananda is an impressive [illegible]

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General Aquinaldo, the Philippine Leader

Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader of [illegible] ag, this native Malay neglected no opportunity to harass the Spaniards in the islands. The insurgent forces, among whom his name is a talisman, are made up of the natives and the descend[illegible]

[illegible] Last Governor-General Rivera made peace with him, and then betrayed him [illegible] Aguinaldo then left the islands and went to Singapore, where he was materially assisted by Spencer Pratt, the American Consul. From Singapore he went to Hong Kong, but he is doubtless now at the head of his followers in the Philippines. Recent events in those islands, and the practical [illegible] of Spanish rule there, has, of course, [illegible] of the atrocities which it is charged that they have executed upon the Spaniards are doubtless canards, still it would not be [illegible]

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Joseph Wheeler, the New Southern General

Representative Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, whom President McKinley has recently honored with the rank of Major General in the regular Army, served in the Confederate Army during the [illegible] There is, indeed, no surviving [illegible] perhaps, Fitzhugh Lee, who [illegible] of age, and is in the very prime of his manhood. He was graduated from West Point in 1859. His career in the Confederate cavalry was most distinguished. After the battle of Shiloh he was placed in command of the cavalry of the West, and performed constant, laborious and brilliant service. His work was especially appreciated by General Sherman, to whom he was opposed during the campaign that ended in the capture of Atlanta. General Sherman is reported to have said, after the close of the war, that if he ever had to fight a foreign power or should have a civil war, and, by the appointment of General Wheeler to one of the highest positions in the [illegible] he [illegible] conclusive evidence that the Civil War [illegible]

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John Bassett Moore, Secretary Day's Assistant

John Bassett Moore, the new First Assistant Secretary of State, has a remarkably wide [illegible] science, history and law, says the New York Press. He entered the Department of State at Washington in 1885. His name was one of the first on the list of those who wanted to take the civil service examinations for the appointment. He passed creditably, and received the appointment, however being temporary. In January following it was made permanent, and he was associated with the Third Assistant Secretary of State in his work. When the Third Assistant was advanced to [illegible] place, Mr. Moore was appointed to the vacancy. Mr. Cleveland was then [illegible] at his first term as President. Mr. Moore began to be known all through the department as the best authority available on international law and [illegible] with Thomas F. Bayard, then Secretary of State, and with President Cleveland himself.

Then, as now, Mr. Moore's value to the State Department was due as much to his extremely judicial temperament as to his extensive knowledge of international law.

Despite his comparative youth, Mr. Moore is held to be authority on this subject. His recently completed book on international law is the most complete work of the sort in existence. He was secretary of the American delegation to the Fisheries Conference of 1887-88, he participated in the Samoan conference in Washington between the Secretary of State and the British and German Ministers in 1887, and he prepared all the protocols of the conference.

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Eduard Remenyi, the Famous Violinist

Eduard Remenyi, the famous violinist, who died so suddenly was a most impulsive and weirdest character. He was the most migratory musician in the history of the art, and won the soubriquet of the "Wandering Jew of the Violin." He took an active part in the Hungarian insurrection of 1848, and became Adjutant to [illegible] ruined, he was compelled to leave the country, and came to America, where he became a virtuoso. In 1853 he visited Liszt, at Weimar, and the following year [illegible] and later was made violinist to the Austrian Emperor. As a musician Remenyi accomplished an unusual task. He pleased the people and the critics. He will, doubtless, be ranked as one of the great masters of [illegible] carried his audience with him.

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Sir Julian Pauncefote, England's Ambassador

The recent rumors as to the effect that the British Government contemplated an early recall of Ambassador Pauncefote, and the substitution of Sir Thomas H. Sanderson in his place at Washington, calls attention to one who has [illegible] sentative in America, this diplomat is what is usually defined as a self-made man. He is burdened with a great weight of titles, [illegible] social success to his credit. In [illegible] years of age, a model of a high-bred, polished, suave, shrewd Englishman. He is a lawyer of the highest attainment and has served as chief justice at Hong Kong and the Leeward Islands. In 1888, without any experience in the intricate game of diplomacy, he was appointed by England to succeed the famous Lord Sackville West. Five Ambassador to the United States, and is the [illegible] mats in the city of Washington.

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Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, Her Husband's Companion

Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, who has expressed her determination to accompany the General to the front, is her husband's constant companion. It is common talk in the Army, says the New York World, that Mrs. Miles has been near enough to her husband in some of his Indian fights to hear the shots fired by both sides. She went with him to Europe last year, when he was assigned to follow the Greeks in their war with the Turks. When General Miles [illegible] that makes ever[illegible] [illegible] Lambkin [illegible] be compared [illegible] Miles [illegible] most on in the A[illegible] quietly, but with the exquisite taste that stamps her in the minds of people who know her as a thorough woman of the world. She is at home as much on a spirited horse as she is in her boudoir. She rides every day when at home in Washington. General Miles is just as fond of riding as is his wife.

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Charles H. Allen, Roosevelt's Successor

Charles H. Allen who has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to succeed Theodore Roosevelt, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1[illegible] He was graduated from Amherst College in 1860. Although he wished to be a physician, he gave up his ambition and engaged in the lumber business with his father. He later served in the Massachusetts State Senate and was elected a member to the Forty-ninth National Congress. He also served in the Fifteenth Congress. Mr. Allen has [illegible] fondness for chemistry, probably the result of his early studies in preparation for a [illegible] Lowell and is a member of prominent clubs in Boston and New York. Mr. Allen ran against the late Governor William Russell for chair of the Chief Executive.

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Marshal Blanco, Governor-General of Cuba

General Ramon Blanco y Arena who in October last succeeded Marshal W[illegible] service as chief of the military household of the Queen Regent intervening. Knowing her favor mild rather than stern measures of government to Cuba was credited to the personal order of the Queen Regent, although the United States had protested against the atrocities of Marshal Weyler.

On assuming command, he set about to undo Weyler's work, abrogated the barbarous measures of that officer, and offered [illegible] about the resumption of industrial work. At the time of the destruction of the Maine, he promptly set on foot every agency at [illegible] Captain General Lee testified to his personal [illegible] did not believe General Blanco had any foreknowledge of the catastrophe.

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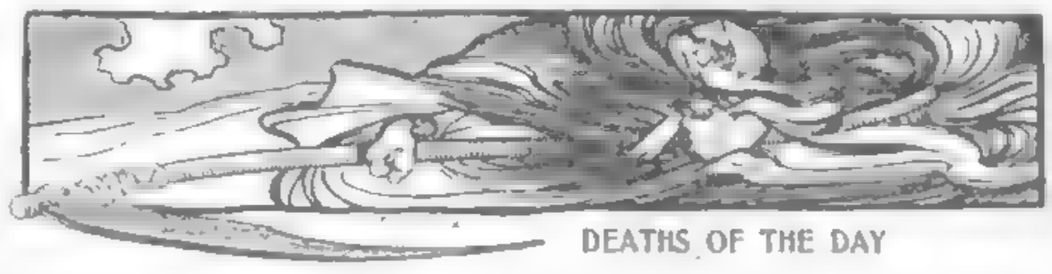
Capt. Charles V. Gridley, Commander of the Olympia

Capt. Charles V. Gridley, Commander of Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, made his home in Erie, Pennsylvania. At the [illegible] in the battle of May [illegible] was in the conning tower [illegible] was not the first time the brave [illegible] in the smoke of war. He was in Mobile Bay on the Oneida and though then a young man, distinguished himself in the fight. His conduct was praised by his Commander. In 1872 Captain Gridley was assigned to the steamer Michigan, and in 1874 was assigned to the Monongahela. He was promoted to a commandership in 1882, and in July of last year, after having meanwhile won [illegible] captaincy, he was given command of the Olympia, with the Asiatic squadron.



DEATHS OF THE DAY

EDWARD BELLAMY, author and humanitarian, best known for his Looking Backward, born at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, March 26, 1850; died there May 22.

FELIX R. BRUNOT, merchant, widely known during the Civil War for his large philanthropic toward Union soldiers; founder of an episcopal hospital for lepers in China, bequeathed over $250,000 to various institutions; born in Newport, Kentucky, February 7, 1820; died in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, May 9.

JAMES WALTER COLLIER, popular actor and theatrical manager; born in New York City, July 25, 1838; died there May 13.

[illegible] Congress from New Hampshire in 1855-59, and United States Senator in 1865-77; born in Weston, Vermont, February 5, 1821; died in Washington, D. C., May 10.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, leading statesman of his time; four times Prime Minister of England, author of several books on Homer and on religion; born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809; died at Hawarden Castle, Wales, May 19.

WILLIAM WARREN LOVE, brevet Brigadier [illegible] Indiana in 1823; graduated from West Point in 1853; served with distinction as a cavalry officer in the Civil War; died at Omaha, Nebraska, May 15.

WILLIAM STEPHENS PERRY, D. D., LL. D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Iowa, a voluminous writer on church history, and an associate editor of Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia; born in Providence, Rhode Island, January 22, 1832; died in Dubuque, Iowa, May [illegible]

MISS MARIA LOUISA POOL, author, widely known for her description of New England life and character; born in Rockland, Massachusetts, 1845; died there May 19.

GEORGE WREN, actor; manager of a noted troupe of Ethiopian actors; born in London, England [illegible] near Buffalo, New York, May 11.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

A Congressional Vote of Thanks

There is no higher nor rarer honor that can be bestowed on a military or naval officer of the United States than for Congress to vote him its thanks. The honor is accorded only under the most exceptional circumstances, and it is as if every one of the seventy-two million people took the recipient by the hand and individually congratulated him on what he had done. This distinction has been conferred more frequently on military than on naval officers. In the active W[illegible] of to-day there is not a single officer wh[illegible] received a vote of thanks from Congress, and only one on the retired list, Gen. Oliver O. Howard. In the Navy, George Dewey is the only active officer who has been so honored. General Howard was thus distinguished for his services at Gettysburg, and Commodore Dewey for one of the greatest naval victories in history. Such a vote by Congress gives a right to the floor of both Houses of Congress at any time, and also a right to an additional ten years of service after the compulsory retiring age.

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The Crimes of Reconcentration

There are 200 personal and many material reasons why Americans will never forget the date of February 15, 1898, and the whole civilized world will recall with horror the earlier date of October 21, 1896. On the latter date, Governor-General Weyler, who had been in command in Cuba but a little more than half a year, issued his infamous bando or decree of concentration for the Province of Pinar del Rio. This decree, which Weyler justified as a war measure, led to results which President McKinley declared constituted an abuse of civilized warfare and rendered the act one of extermination. "The only peace it could beget," he said, "was that of the wilderness and the grave." The decree was extended to embrace the entire island. Under it the people in the productive agricultural districts were driven into the garrison towns; all planting was forbidden, fields, homes, mills and fa tor[illegible] were laid waste by Spanish soldiers, and the entire region under military control was inhumanly devastated. Destitution and then starvation ensued. Within three months fifty per cent. of these people had perished, and the only relief yet given the survivors has gone from the United States. Our Government protested against these barbarities, and Weyler was recalled. The decree of reconcentration was annulled, but nothing can restore nearly half a million reconcentrados deliberately starved to death by an alleged Christian nation.

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The Dismemberment of China

To-day China cries that, through the spoliation of Powers stronger than herself, she does not possess a single port large enough for a rendezvous of her own Navy. The seizure, under one pretext or another, of the most valuable part of her vast territory, by several of the Great Powers, has been going on rapidly since the close of the war with Japan. The treaty of Shimonoseki brought her peace with Japan, but it entailed on her undreamed of troubles.

There was something really ludicrous in the efforts, made by several nations, to secure the privilege of lending her money with which to pay the indemnity to Japan. When it seemed certain that she would negotiate a loan with one of the Powers, another would threaten disagreeable things if she did not borrow all she needed from it. Then, as one nation after another saw her perplexity, those which had commercial interests at her ports began to be alarmed lest China might show a discrimination detrimental to all except the favored one. One step further and the nations claimed that, for the protection of their own commercial and political interests, they must have a foothold in China's territory. So the partition began.

Early in March it was officially announced that China had agreed to lease Port Arthur and Ta Lien Wan to Russia for a period of ninety-nine years. At the same time it was declared in Peking that Russia had peremptorily demanded the cession and had claimed that the Chinese loan had been settled without her approval. Later Russia confirmed the cession and announced that she would make Ta Lien Wan a free port. Then England demanded a lease of Wei Hai Wei and possession of the island of Chusan. To this Japan at first demurred, but subsequently consented, the lease of [illegible] exacted it. Early in April China [illegible] to England's wish regarding Wei-Hai-Wei, and then both Russia and Germany [illegible] the lease as inimical to their interests. Next, France demanded territory at the mouth of the Mau River near Fu Chou, and Japan insisted on having a permanent foothold on the coast. Germany secured a strong point at Kiao-Chou Bay, but at last accounts France had scored the least success.

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Captives Taken at Sea

Four years after the Red Cross conference, at Geneva, and the signing of the convention by some of the principal Powers of Europe, including Spain, several articles were added. Among those are a few which are of the greatest interest at this time, says the Chicago Journal, for they concern the marine, and the present conflict is largely a naval one. These articles are intended to mitigate the severity of naval combat, and cover cases of capture and sinking of vessels. Boats which pick up the wounded and other sailors struggling in the water do so at their own risk. But having done so, they enjoy, "until the completion of their mission, such a degree of neutrality as the circumstances of the combat and the situation of the vessels in conflict will allow to be applied to them."

The persons so rescued, however, are in a very different position from that of ordinary prisoners of war. They are considered as indebted to the enemy for their lives, and may not serve again during the continuance of the struggle. The chaplain and the surgeons of a captured vessel are neutral. Surgeons, on quitting the vessel, may take away their instruments and hospital stipplies. Such persons are supposed to continue on a captured vessel discharging their duties to the wounded. Hospital ships are subject to the laws of war. They may be captured like any other vessels, and they and their equipment become the property of the captor, but it is not lawful to turn them into war s[illegible]

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The Cape Verde Islands

About the time the United States first began to mobilize its North Atlantic Squadron at Key West, Spain began to gather an opposing fleet at St. Vincent, the coaling station of the Cape Verde Islands. These islands, fourteen in number, and three hundred and fifty miles from Cape Verde, the most westerly point of Africa, belong to Portugal. On the day President McKinley sent to Spain the ultimatum of the United States, the Spanish fleet at St. Vincent comprised four cruisers, three torpedo-boat destroyers, three torpedo boats, an auxiliary cruiser and a coaling vessel. At the same time a second fleet was concentrating at Cadiz, consisting of a battle ship, eight cruisers, three destroyers, and three torpedo boats.

The policy of making this point the immediate base of operations and preparation for a naval encounter, deemed most likely to occur at or near Havana, more than three thousand miles distant, seemed incomprehensible excepting on the assumption that Spain realized her inability to retain Cuba or to cope successfully with the United States vessels assembled at Key West.

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Prize Money: How Won and Awarded

Actual hostilities give the sailor a great impetus toward deeds of special daring and opportunities for enriching himself. The soldier, under circumstances that are clearly defined, is entitled to a share in the distribution of booty; the sailor shares in the distribution of prize money.

Under United States laws it is the duty of the commanding officer of a vessel that has captured an enemy's ship, or a vessel containing contraband of war, to send the captured vessel, with a prize crew, into the nearest port for condemnation as a prize. The prize master reports to the United States Attorney for the district in which the port is situated, the attorney files a libel against the prize property, and places it in the custody of a United States Marshal; and a prize court, consisting of three Commissioners, tries the property as other courts try an individual under charges by deposition and examination of all interested parties tha[illegible] available. It reports its findings to the United States District Court for the district in which the libel is filed, and this Court disposes of the prize by condemnation or release, according to the evidence presented and the National and international laws involved. After a condemnation the prize property is sold at auction and the share of the captors in the proceeds determined.

The distribution of prize money is carefully regulated. If the prize vessel is of superior or equal force to the vessel that captured it, the net proceeds of all the property condemned is awarded to the captors. If the prize is inferior in force, one half of the proceeds is awarded to the United States Government and the other half to the captors. Where one vessel is aided by another or others, all share in the distribution of prize money. In the case of a United States war-vessel sinking or destroying an enemy's war vessel, the Government pays a bounty to the officers and crew of the victorious vessel for each person on board the enemy's vessel at the beginning of the engagement. This is to recompense the victors for the loss of prize money.

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[illegible] person's share is regulated by statute. The commanding officer of a fleet or squadron is entitled to one-twentieth part of all prize money awarded to any vessel of vessels under his immediate command. The commanding officer of a division of a fleet or squadron under the command of the first officer mentioned is entitled to one fiftieth part of the award to a vessel in his division. To the fleet Captain is due one hundredth part of all awards to any vessel or vessels of the fleet or squadron in which he is serving. Where a capture is made by the vessel on which the fleet Captain is serving at the time, that officer only shares with the other officers and men on the vessel in proportion to his pay. The Commander of a single vessel is entitled to one-tenth of the award to his vessel if, at the time of the capture, his vessel was under the command of a superior officer, and to three-twentieths if his vessel was acting independently of such superior. After these deductions have been made, the remainder of the award is distributed among all other officers and men in regular service on the captor vessel in proportion to their respective rates of pay for service.

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Seigniorage of Coin

For several years past the persistent advocates of a larger use of silver in American coinage, and many opponents of bond issues, have been urging on Congress the coinage of the seigniorage of silver. In the pending discussion of the war revenue bill in Congress, the supporters of this policy have desired to secure by means of the bill authority for coining the seigniorage of silver in the Treasury vaults and issuing notes thereon, claiming that such a course would yield about $58,000,000 of additional currency. The seigniorage of coinage is really the profit to the Government on coinage. Free coinage implies that any person may take gold or silver bullion to a Government mint and have it made into coin. In Great Britain no charge is made for the coinage; in the United States the actual cost of coinage is deducted from the whole market value of the bullion used. The difference between the cost and the value of the bullion lies in the seigniorage.

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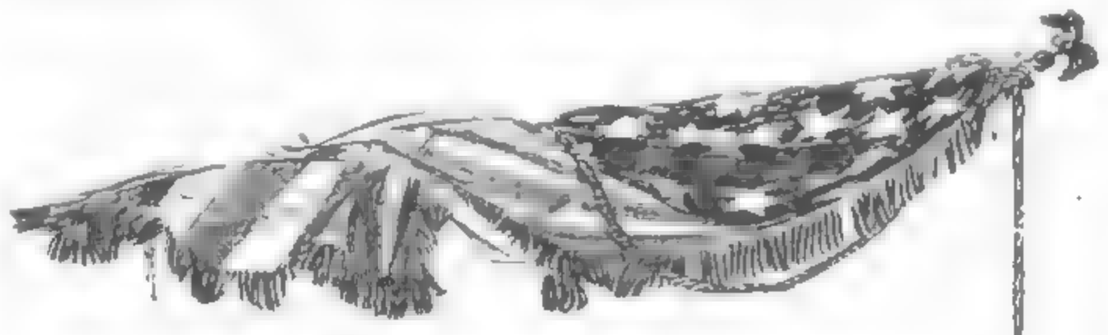
Centennial of the Rebellion in Ireland

One hundred years ago this spring occurred the rebellion in Ireland, which resulted in the union of the island with England. Its cause was a struggle of Irish Roman Catholics for greater political and religious freedom, and its immediate purpose was the establishment of a republic in [illegible] with France.

Two strong organizations were at the bottom of the plan. The Society of United Irishmen, originally formed by Protestants to aid Grattan in carrying forward his plans of reform, subsequently became one of the elements of opposition to the Government. At this time the Roman Catholics constituted three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland. A combination of the Catholics and the dissenting Protestants was promoted, if not effected, by Theobald Wolfe Tone, an ardent young Protestant, who had had a part in the organization of the United Irishmen and had also acted as secretary to the Catholic committee. To resist this combination an organization of Protestants, very largely landowners, and all of them attached to the British Government, was effected under the name of Orangemen.

The uprising had long been preparing. The moment deemed most opportune came with the closing days of May. England was at war with France. Napoleon had made himself the idol of the French people. Tone, who seems to have been the chief executive of the movement, went to France, and pleaded with Napoleon so effectually for Ireland that "the man of the people" sent a fleet to cooperate with the leaders of the rebellion. A storm dispersed the fleet. In this emergency, the insurgents in the South of Ireland broke out in open rebellion without concerted action or skilled leaders. There was a series of disconnected local risings, and, in several places, severe fighting. In July the insurgents gathered a large force of fifteen thousand men on Vinegar Hill, near Enniscorthy, for a supreme effort, but the British regular troops, aided by forty thousand yeomanry of the country, attacked them here and utterly routed them.



Victories Under the Flag

The determination of the United States military and naval authorities to withhold from publication intelligence concerning important movements in progress or contemplation was a sore blow to the sensational press of the country, and possibly deprived the Spanish Government of much useful information. The week was comparatively [illegible]. Further details of the bombardment of San Juan by Admiral Sampson's fleet indicated serious injuries to the principal fortifications, and that the attack was made in the belief that a part of the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera was in hiding in the inner harbor, whence it could dart out and harass our ships.

Several notable events occurred while the American squadron under Rear Admiral Sampson was seeking the Spanish fleet. The cutting of two cables at Cienfuegos, Cuba, connecting with Europe, under a galling fire from shore, was a feat of high heroism, in which several Americans were killed and wounded. The first American life lost in the war was in Cardenas Bay, where the torpedo boat Winslow suffered severely in an attempt to destroy some Spanish gunboats. The protective line of fortifications at San Juan, capital of Porto Rico, were irreparably injured in a bombardment by the American squadron, though no attempt was made to occupy the city. An attempt to land war stores for the insurgents at Cubanas, under the protection of a detachment from the regular Army, led to the first battle on Cuban soil.

At Manila, Admiral Dewey continued to maintain an effective blockade of the harbor. He was informed that the cruiser Charleston, with ammunition, and several steamships with from 10,000 to 15,000 regular and volunteer troops under command of Gen. Wesley Merritt were about to be sent to his relief from San Francisco and Seattle. It was understood that on the arrival of reinforcements Admiral Dewey and General Merritt would take formal possession of the Philippine Islands.

There was an intense feeling of relief among the authorities in Washington when Secretary Long announced officially that the great battleship Oregon had reached a point of safety after her six weeks' exciting voyage from the Pacific. Army movements became more active. The aggregate of volunteers sworn into the service reached 100,000, and at one time there were 50,000 troops mobilized in Chickamauga Park, ready to start at a moment's notice for Cuba. Under recent acts of Congress the organization of the consolidated regular and volunteer armies was completed, and the President divided the force into seven corps, under the command of Generals John R. Brooke, William M. Graham, James F. Wade, John J. Coppinger, William R. Shafter, James H. Wilson, and Fitzhugh Lee, respectively. Gen. Wesley Merritt was placed in command of the newly created Department of the Pacific, including the Philippine Islands, with Gen. Elwell S. Otis as second in command, and Gen. Joseph Wheeler, ex-Confederate cavalryman, was appointed Commander of the cavalry division of the new Army.

II

THANATOPSIS

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

TO HIM who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
[illegible] the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
[illegible]d breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
[illegible]ake thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,
[illegible]o forth under the open sky, and list
[illegible]o Nature's teachings, while from all around—
[illegible]arth and her waters, and the depths of air—
[illegible]omes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
[illegible]he all-beholding sun shall see no more
[illegible] all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears;
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
[illegible] a brother to the insensible rock,
[illegible] the sluggish clod, which the [illegible]e swain
[illegible]ns with his share, and treads upon.
The oak
[illegible]hall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with Kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of Heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

* *

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"GO FORTH UNDER THE OPEN SKY, AND LIST TO NATURE'S TEACHINGS"

"LIKE ONE WHO WRAPS THE DRAPERY OF HIS COUCH ABOUT HIM AND LIES DOWN TO PLEASANT DREAMS"

III

THERE IS NO DEATH

By J. L. McCREERY

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same—
Except their sin and pain.

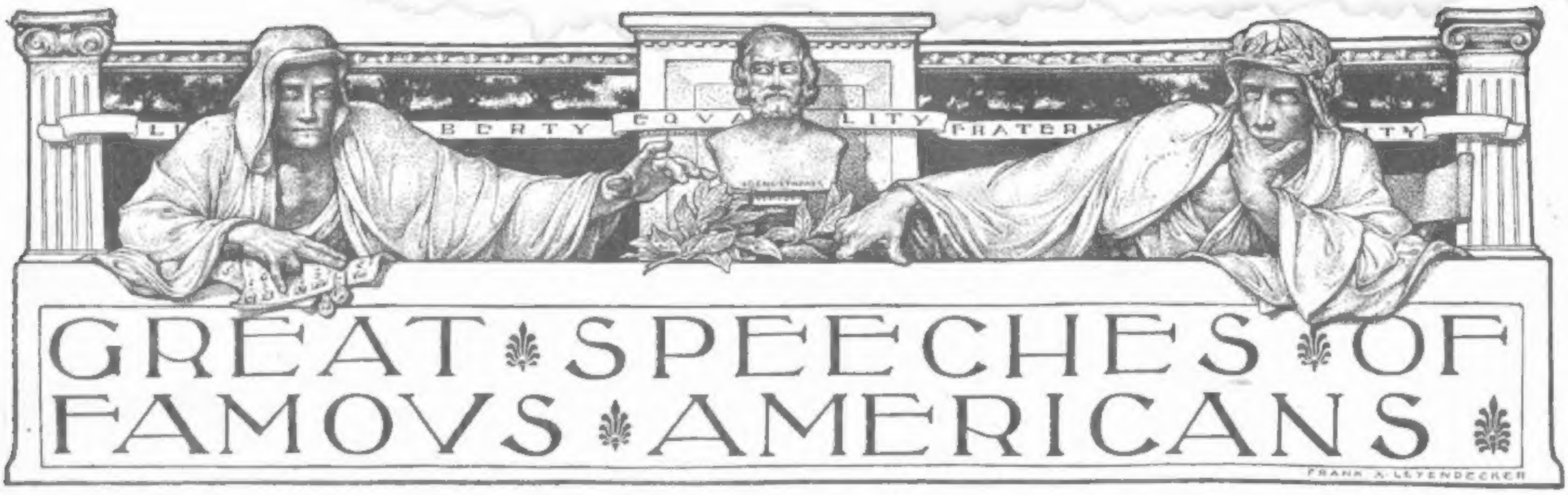
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

* * *

A DISPUTED AUTHORSHIP

THE poem There is No Death has widely been attributed to Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton; it was written by J. L. McCreery. It first appeared in Arthur's Home Magazine, about thirty-two years ago, with the author's name attached. A certain E. Bulmer copied it and sent it as his own production to the Farmers' Advocate, of Chicago, which printed it over Bulmer's name. It was reprinted in a Wisconsin paper. The exchange editor of that paper divined in the depths of his inner consciousness that "E. Bulmer" was a misprint for "E. Bulwer," so the verses were credited to Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton and sent adrift. The poem was widely copied, and, of course, unjustly credited to Bulwer. Copies of the verses were sent to Mr. McCreery from all parts of the world, in the shape of newspaper clippings, in hymn books, readers, and in bound volumes and selections of verse.

To add to the injustice of the whole affair, the author of this poem, so full of hope and cheerfulness, on January 31, 1880, heard a portion of it recited in the House of Representatives by Mr. Cofroth, Member from Pennsylvania, in his oration on the death of Mr. Rush Clark, Member of Congress from Iowa. It was delivered as Bulwer's poem, and was so credited when it appeared in the Congressional Record. There is No Death is not the only poem written by Mr. McCreery. He has since published Songs of Toil and Triumph.



WASHINGTON AS A STATESMAN

BY WILLIAM McKINLEY

President of the United States

WE CELEBRATE here, as in every part of our country, the birthday of a great patriot, who assured the beginning of a great nation. This day belongs to patriotism and the people. But, in a certain sense, the University of Pennsylvania has special reasons for honoring the twenty-second of February. For over half a century, with ever-increasing popularity and public recognition, you have observed the occasion either as a holiday or with patriotic exercises, participated in by faculty and students. No other American institution of learning has a prouder title to the veneration of Washington's memory than this, whose foundation was laid in Colonial days, nearly fifty years before Pennsylvania became a State; whose progress was largely due to the activity of Franklin and other zealous and far-seeing patriots, and whose trustees were on terms of sufficient intimacy with Washington to congratulate him upon his election to the Presidency and to receive from him a notable reply, which has passed into the history of the times.

Washington, too, belonged to the brotherhood of the alumni of this institution, having accepted the degree of doctor of laws conferred upon him in 1783—an honor doubtless the more appreciated when he recalled the events which gave him close and peculiar attachment to the City of Philadelphia.

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No wonder that your great university has made the twenty-second of February its most impressive ceremonial, and devoted its annual exercises to special tributes to the memory of the first President of the United States, and the patriotic themes which cluster thickly about his life and work. I rejoice with you in the day. I rejoice, also, that throughout this broad land the birthday of the patriot leader is faithfully observed, and celebrated with an enthusiasm and earnestness which testify to the virtue and gratitude of the American people.

It would not be possible, in the comparatively short time to which these exercises must to-day be limited, to follow Washington in his long and distinguished services at the head of the Army and as Chief Executive of the Government. My purpose is simply to call to your attention a few points in Washington's career which have singularly impressed me, and to refer to some passages in his writings that seem particularly appropriate for the guidance of the people, who under our form of Government have in their keeping the well-being of the country.

In its entirety Washington's public life is as familiar to the American student as the history of the United States. They are forever associated in holy and indissoluble bonds. Washington's character and achievements have been a part of the school books of the nation for more than a century, and have moved American youth and American manhood to aspire to the highest ideals of responsible citizenship. With enduring fame as a great soldier, the world has recognized his equal accomplishments in the paths of statesmanship. As a soldier he was peerless in the times in which he lived, and as a statesman his rank is fixed with the most illustrious in any country or in any age.

But with all our pride in Washington we not infrequently fail to give him credit for his marvelous genius as a constructive statesman. We are constantly in danger of losing sight of the sweep and clearness of his comprehension, which accurately grasped the problems of the remote future and knew how to formulate the best means for their solution. It was committed to Washington to launch our Ship of State. He had neither precedent nor predecessor to help him. He welded the scattered and, at times, antagonistic Colonies into an indestructible Union, and inculcated the lessons of mutual forbearance and fraternity which have cemented the States into still closer bonds of interest and sympathy.

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From the hour when Washington declared, in his Virginia home, that he would raise a thousand men and equip them, at his own expense, to march to the defense of Boston, he became the masterful spirit of the Continental Army and the mightiest single factor in the Continent's struggle for liberty and independence. Apparently without personal ambition, spurning Royal honors when they were suggested to him, he fulfilled a still more glorious destiny as the guiding force of a civilization freer and even mightier than the history of man had ever known.

Though the exalted character of Washington and the most striking acts of his brilliant record are too familiar to be recounted here, where so many times they have received eloquent and deserved eulogy, yet often as the story is retold it engages our love and admiration and interest. We love to recall his noble unselfishness, his heroic purposes, the power of his magnificent personality, his glorious achievements for mankind, and his stalwart and unflinching devotion to independence, liberty and union. These cannot be too often told or be too familiarly known.

A slaveholder himself, he yet hated slavery, and provided in his will for the emancipation of his slaves. Not a college graduate, he was always enthusiastically the friend of liberal education. He used every suitable occasion to impress upon Congress and the country the importance of a high standard of general education, and characterized the diffusion of knowledge as the most essential element of strength in the system of free government. That learning should go with liberty, and that liberty is never endangered so long as it is in the keeping of intelligent citizens, was the ideal civic code which his frequent utterances never failed to strongly enforce.

And how reverent, always, was this great man; how prompt and generous his recognition of the guiding hand of Divine Providence in establishing and controlling the destinies of the Colonies and of the Republic! Again and again—in his talks, in his letters, in his State papers and formal addresses—he reveals this side of his character, the force of which we still feel, and, I trust, we always will.

At the very height of his success and reward, as he emerged from the Revolution, receiving by unanimous acclaim the plaudits of the people, and commanding the respect and admiration of the civilized world, he did not forget that his first official act, as President, should be fervent supplication to the Almighty Being who rules the universe. It is He who presides in the councils of nations and whose providential aid can supply every human defect. It is His benediction which we most want, and which can and will consecrate the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States. With His help the instruments of the citizens employed to carry out their purposes will succeed in the functions allotted to public life.

But Washington, on this occasion, went further and spoke for the people, assuming that he but voiced the sentiment of the young nation in thus making faith in Almighty God, and reliance upon His favor and care one of the strong foundations of the Government. Proceeding, Washington states the reasons for his belief in language so exalted that it should be graven deep upon the mind of every patriot: "No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of man more than the people of the United States.

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THE PRESIDENT

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH WHICH HE CONSIDERS THE BEST LIKENESS HE HAS EVER HAD TAKEN

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"Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency; and in the important Revolution just accomplished, in the system of their united Government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the events resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most Governments have been established without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the same seems to presage. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves strongly upon my mind. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free Government are more auspiciously commenced."

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The Senate of the United States made fitting response of its appreciation of this portion of the President's inaugural address when its members declared that "a review of the many signal instances of divine intervention in favor of the country claims our most pious gratitude, and that they were inevitably led to acknowledge and adore the Great Arbiter of the universe, by whom Empires rise and fall." Congress added its sanction by providing that, "after the oath shall have been administered to the President, he, attended by the Vice-President and the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, proceed to St. Paul's Chapel to hear divine services performed by the Chaplain of Congress already appointed."

Not alone upon days of thanksgiving or in times of trial should we as a people remember and follow the example thus set by the fathers; but never in our future as a nation should we forget the great moral and religious principles which they enunciated and defended as their most precious heritage. In an age of great activity, of industrial and commercial strife and of perplexing problems, we should never abandon the simple faith in Almighty God as recognized in the name of the American people by Washington and the First Congress.

But if a timely lesson is to be drawn from the opinions of Washington on his assuming the office of President, so, also, is much practical benefit to be derived from the present application of certain portions of his Farewell Address, a document in which Washington laid down principles which appeared to him "all important to the permanence of your felicity as a people."

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In that address Washington contends, in part: (1) For the promotion of institutions of learning; (2) for cherishing the public credit; (3) for the observance of good faith and justice toward all nations.

One hundred years ago free schools were little known in the United States. There were excellent schools for the well-to-do, and charitable institutions for the instruction of boys and girls without means; but the free public school, open alike to the children of the rich and poor and supported by the State, awaited creation and development. The seed planted by the fathers soon bore fruit. Free schools were the necessary supplement of free men. The wise and liberal provisions for public instruction by the fathers second only in effect to their struggle for th independence and creation of the Union, wer destined, at no distant date, to produce th most wonderfully satisfactory results.

As the country has grown, education fostered by the State has kept pace with it. Rich as are the collegiate endowments of the Old World, none of them excel in munificence the gifts made to educational institutions by the people of the United States and by their governments, in conformity with "the influence which sound learning has on religion and manners, on Government, liberty, and laws." Adams and Madison, Jefferson and Hamilton, Sherman [illegible] Trumbull, Hancock, Jay, Marshal[illegible] Clintons, and many others were s[illegible] less earnest and eloquent than Washi[illegible] himself in pleading the cause of sound [illegible] liberal education for the people.

Nor does this seem surprising when w[illegible] reflect that the truest aim and worthiest ambition of education is not finished scholarship for the favored few, but the elevation of a high standard of citizenship among the many. I have had peculiar satisfaction in the fact that Washington, in those early days, when engrossed with mighty governmental problems, did not forget his contributions for the education of the poor, and left in his will a bequest to be dedicated to free public instruction. Nothing better tells the value he placed upon knowledge as an essential to the highest and best citizenship.

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How priceless is a liberal education! In itself what a rich endowment! It is not impaired by age, but its value increases with use. No one can employ it but its rightful owner. He alone can illustrate its worth and enjoy its rewards. It cannot be inherited or purchased. It must be acquired by individual effort. It can be secured only by perseverence and self-denial. But it is free as the air we breathe. Neither race, nor nationality, nor sex can debar the earnest seeker from its possession. It is not exclusive, but inclusive in the broadest and best sense. It is within the reach of all who really want it and are brave enough to struggle for it. The earnest rich and the worthy poor are equal and friendly rivals in its pursuit, and neither is exempted from any of the sacrifices necessary for its acquisition. The key to its title is not the bright allurements of rank and station, but the simple watchword of work and study.

A liberal education is the prize of individual industry. It is the greatest blessing

EDITOR'S NOTE—In this series of Great Speeches of Famous Americans will be given the best work in the eloquence of contemporary thinkers and leaders of the nation. The POST will seek to preserve in permanent form the beauty, power and imagery of important speeches that reach the public only in fragmentary extracts in the pages of the daily press. This address was delivered by President McKinley to the officers and students of the University of Pennsylvania, February 22, 1898. The first four in the series will be:

I—Washington as a Statesman by William McKinley
II—The Duty of Self-Control by Francis Landly Patton, D. D., LL. D.
III—The Responsibilities of Wealth by Benjamin Harrison
IV—The Heroism of the Unknown by Henry C. Potter, D. D.

that a man or woman can enjoy when supported by virtue, morality, and noble aims. But the acquirement of learning in our schools and colleges seems so easy that we are apt to underestimate its value and let the opportunity to win it slip by, until regretfully we find that the chance is gone. The rudiments must be ingrafted in youth, or, with rare exceptions, they are forever lost.

Life to most is a struggle, and there is little time for the contemplation of the theoretical when the practical is pressing at every hand. Stern duty monopolizes our time. The command of others controls our preferences and often defeats our intentions. By steadily adhering to a firm purpose amid the activities of life we may keep in touch with the literature of the day; but to go back to the classics, or to grapple with the foundations of the sciences, is beyond the power of most men when they have entered upon their chosen business or profession in life.

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One's mental fighting, often a hand-to-hand conflict with obstacles and temptations, is a battle of his own, a campaign whose motive force is individuality rather than circumstances or luck. Work in the mental world is as real as that in the physical world. Nor has any prescription yet been found to take the place of application and self-denial and personal struggles, which have given to the world its greatest leaders and noblest achievements.

"Cherish the public credit!" How much both of reflection and instruction is combined in this simple admonition of the Father of his Country! The United States emerged from the bitter and prolonged struggle of the Revolutionary War exhausted financially, and with a hundred existing perplexities and difficulties which remained to be solved before the financial credit of the new nation could be established at home and demonstrated abroad.

But Washington knew how to gather around him, and place in positions of the greatest trust, the able financiers and economists whose names the country still venerates and whose great work it still enjoys. Hamilton, and Morris, and Gallatin, and others were successful in establishing the Treasury, and inaugurating the financial operations of this Government upon principles which recognized that the most enduring basis of National credit was National honor, and that whatever other assets we might have or acquire, that was indispensable, first, last and all the time, if we would cherish the public credit. We have been fully awarded all along our history by adhering to the principles of Washington in keeping the public faith. Before half a century had passed we had paid off our National debt and had a balance in the Treasury. Another debt, the greatest in our history, was incurred in the Civil War for the preservation of the Union. But this did not exceed the resources or discourage the intentions of the American people. There were those who suggested repudiation, but the people repudiated them and went on unchecked, discharging the obligations of the Government in the coin of honor.

From the day our flag was unfurled, to the present hour, no stain of a just obligation violated has yet tarnished the American name. This must and will be as true in the future as it has been in the past. There will be prophets of evil and false teachers. Some part of the column may waver and wander away from the standard, but there will ever rally around it a mighty majority to preserve it stainless.

At no point in his administration does Washington appear in grander proportions than when he enunciates his ideas in regard to the foreign policy of the Government: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct. Can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence." These were grand ideas!

To-day, nearly a full century since Washington's death, we turn reverentially to study the leading principles of that comprehensive chart for the guidance of the people. It was his unflinching, immovable devotion to these perceptions of duty which, more than anything else, made him what he was and contributed so directly to make us what we are. Following the precepts of Washington we cannot err. The wise lessons in government which he left us it will be profitable to heed. He seems to have grasped all possible conditions and pointed the way safely to meet them. He has established danger signals all along the pathway of the nation's march. He has warned us against false lights. He has taught us the true philosophy of a "perfect union," and shown us the grave dangers from sectionalism and wild and unreasonable party spirit. He has emphasized the necessity, at all times, for the exercise of a sober and dispassionate public judgment. Such sound judgment, my fellow-citizens, is the best safeguard in the calm of tranquil events, and rises superior and triumphant above the storms of woe and peril, for on it we may safely rely.

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We have every incentive to cherish the memory and teachings of Washington. His wisdom and foresight have been confirmed and vindicated after more than a century of experience. His best eulogy is the work he wrought, his highest tribute is the great Republic which he and his compatriots founded. From four millions we have grown to more than seventy millions of people, while our progress in industry, learning, and the arts has been the wonder of the world. What the future will be depends upon ourselves, and that that future will bring still greater blessings to a free people I cannot doubt. With education and morality in their homes, loyalty to the underlying principles of free government in their hearts, and law and justice fostered and exemplified by those intrusted with public administration, we will continue to enjoy the respect of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God. The priceless opportunity is ours to demonstrate anew the enduring triumph of American civilization, and to help in the progress and prosperity of the land we love and honor.

The King of Belgium is a Saxe-Coburg; the King of Denmark a Holsteiner; the young monarch of Spain is a Bourbon; the King of Italy a Savoyard; the King of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria are both foreigners; the founder of the Bernadotte dynasty, in Sweden, was born at Pau less than a century and a quarter ago; the Czar is a Holstein Gottorp, and the King of the Hellenes is likewise a Holsteiner.

Even in Britain's Royal family there is very little English blood left. The Hohenzollerns were originally Suabians, and, therefore, partly Bavarians and partly Swiss. Neither was the house of Orange Dutch at first.

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Queen Victoria's Wedding Ring

QUEEN VICTORIA'S wedding ring was made by a jeweler now living in Philadelphia, says the Chicago Chronicle. The old craftsman, however, is apparently indifferent to the fact that it was he who joined two kingdoms together with the band of gold fashioned for that occasion.

"Ja! ja!" he nods, when questioned about it. "I learned the trade in Germany."

"How did it happen that the commission was given to you?"

The little old German took off his spectacles and, with an effort, called up the details:

"I went over from Germany to England," he answered, "to a shop in London to work. So! It was a big place. One day word came to make the Queen's wedding ring. I had the specialty; I made all such rings; and so they gave it to me to do. That is all."

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Keeping Your Wrists Cool

VERY few people know the importance of keeping the wrists quite cool in warm weather. Actors and actresses tell you that if one of their number faints they pour cold water on her wrists; athletes, engaged in the performance of feats of endurance, know that in the winter the wrists must be kept warm and in summer cool; but the general public still continue to wear tight gloves and heavy cuffs in the dog days, and then wonder why it is hot.

Taking off one's gloves (especially in church) often makes quite an amazing difference in temperature. Tight sleeves will, above all things, make the wearer hot in oppressive weather; delicate girls have been known to faint from this cause alone.

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The Author of Thanatopsis

THANATOPSIS, pronounced by many to be the finest poem in the English language, was written by William Cullen Bryant at the age of seventeen. The author was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in New York, June 12, 1878—just twenty years ago. As a boy he was exceedingly frail, and had a head the immensity of which troubled his anxious father. To reduce it to a normal size the child was immersed in cold wa... morning, head and all. At the ag... teen he wrote a satire on The Emb... was a student at Williams Colleg... years. Then he took up the practice... In 1825 he went to New York and be... editor. For many years he was edit... New York Evening Post.

While a college student he... Thanatopsis. His poems had been c... ures of clay; in Thanatopsis he se... chisel and the marble breathed. His... the classics was profound; he had al... the Greek and Latin poets; they had... part of his very life and soul. He w... than a mere student of Nature—he... lover. In one of her confidential m... she revealed new secrets to him. It... the autumn; Nature was preparing for... Wandering in this loneliness, ... thoughts turned to the vast solitude... was in one of those moods when the... extra-sensitized to outward impressio...

With singular vividness there... what seemed a vision or revelation... earth as but the sepulchre of once... things. Beneath his feet might be the... ing populations of buried cities. Br... the future looked, in time it too would b... dead and forgotten—as the past. ... would continue to struggle and fall, ... again and push on, some to success, ... to failure, only to receive at last the... reward—Death. With his mind turni... these awing thoughts he hastened home... must put into words this message of Na... ere her vision became but memory.

His new revelation was so sacred that... poet could not share it. He did not show... work to his father for criticism, as was... custom, but hid it away. Perhaps he... discouraged at his interpretation of the g... theme, perhaps doubtful about its recep... for it had struck an entirely new ch... Death was contemplated, not as a pen... but as a universal, gracious fact in the e... omy of Nature. Under his sympathetic t... it received a breadth of treatment, a gran... and profundity of thought that is remarka... Of this poem the poet Stoddard said: "... undoubtedly the greatest ever written b... young a man." It began America's p... history. From the heart of the prim... woods it gave the first articulate voice to... poetic genius of the New World—a ... destined to command universal admira...

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOVRS WITH SONG AND STORY

At the Turn of the Road

BY P. L. STANTON

WHERE the rough road turns, and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom.
And the sky will smile, and the stars will beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast,
And for all the grief of the stormy past
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last!

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song.
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us
And sprinkle the roses of Heaven above us!

—Atlanta Constitution.

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The Wardrobe of an Emperor

THE Kaiser is a military man from crown to foot, says the Pall Mall Gazette. His numerous wardrobes contain only five suits of mufti, mostly made in Vienna. Like most German officers, he never looks well in them. He never wears an evening dress suit. He has a particular aversion to the swallowtail, which reminds him of the sombre surroundings of a funeral. This unconquerable objection is accountable for an Imperial regulation ordaining that, wherever possible, courtiers and guests shall wear the frocktail in the English style; otherwise the newly introduced Court dress is the proper garment. The black swallowtail is thus fast being forced out of place in German Court circles. Umbrellas are his pet aversion—he never possessed one in his life, and, as to sticks, they are usually the cheapest he can buy. His rifles are under the special care of the Leibjäger, and are kept in a special cupboard. A remarkable feature of this collection is the hunting-sticks which His Majesty has cut with his own hand while out hunting, or received as presents during his expeditions, from gentry and peasantry alike.

The Kaiser's wardrobes occupy a suite of five rooms in the old castle at Berlin. They are massive and of oak. In the middle of one of the rooms is a large table for spreading out the uniforms. There is a sixth room, in which small repairs are undertaken. Here a tailor is permanently employed, for Kaiser Wilhelm does not throw away clothes until they are well worn. He keeps about eighteen pairs of white military gloves in use. These are cleaned and repaired from time to time. The glover receives a small yearly sum for his services. Each pair is supposed to have a certain "life." Should the leather show any defect, it is returned to the unlucky glover with a most peremptory demand for an explanation. When a suit is ordered, woe to the tailor should it not fit like a glove, though a "try on" is never permitted. Directly a suit has been taken off, it is returned to the wardrobe, and there subjected to the closest scrutiny. The orders and decorations are kept in an iron safe, and represent, in value, about a quarter of a million dollars of our money.

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How Long Does a Thought Take?

HOW long does it take a man to think? Professor Richet, at a recent meeting of the British Association, gave the results of his investigations into this subject. He found that by mentally running up the notes of the musical scale, for one or more octaves, and then dividing the total time by the total number of notes thought of, the time taken for each note was one-eleventh of a second, says Great Thoughts. If the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a small hammer, a person may, then, according to Professor Richet, distinguish the fact that the blows are separate, and not continuous pressure, when they follow one another as frequently as one thousand a second.

The smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both. Thus the separateness of the clicks of a revolving toothed wheel was noted by one observer when they did not exceed sixty to the second, but using both ears he could not distinguish them when they occurred oftener than fifteen times a second. The sharp sound of the electric spark of an induction coil was distinguished with one ear when the rate was as high as five hundred to the second. Sight is much less keen than hearing in distinguishing differences. If a disc, half white and half black, be revolved it will appear gray when its evolutions exceed twenty-four per second. It has been found that we can hear far more rapidly than we can count, so that if a clock-ticking movement runs faster than ten to the second we can count four ticks, while with twenty to the second we can only count two of them.

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Why Army Surgeons Wear Green Sashes

A GREAT many people do not know why Army surgeons wear green sashes. It is not so much an insignia of rank as it is a protection to the wearer, says the Omaha World-Herald. According to the code of war, surgeons are never shot or taken prisoners. To deliberately shoot a surgeon, while he is wearing his sash, is considered a violation of the code punishable by death. Because of this provision, surgeons of one Army never refuse to look after the wounded of the other Army if it is possible for them to do so. During the Civil War it was often the case that, after a battle, the field hospitals would contain almost an equal number of men dressed in blue and gray. The Federal Army had the best surgeons and the best stores, and a wounded Confederate considered himself in great luck if he was removed to a Federal hospital, to be cared for by Federal surgeons and physicians. But in the heat of battle a green sash is not much protection, and surgeons were often wounded or killed. But this did not keep the brave surgeons at the rear until the battle was over. They were often found in the thick of the fray, dressing wounds and sending the wounded to the rear. Theirs was a perilous as well as a noble duty.

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Foreign Monarchs Reigning in Europe

IT IS a curious fact that there is hardly a reigning monarch in Europe, whose family is of the same nationality, absolutely, as the people governed, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The house of Austria is really the house of Lorraine, and, even in their origin, the Hapsburgs were Swiss. And if the Emperor Francis is not an Austrian, still less is he a Hungarian, although he is King of Hungary.

THE NEW BOOKS

Described Completely in Brief

The Whirlpool, by George Gissing.—George Gissing, who is becoming more and more of a figure in the world of letters, has evolved in The Whirlpool something thoughtful, and full of a keen, analytic spirit, if by no means blithesome. The sun does not shine in the story as much as could be desired, but there is no disguising the artistic quality of the landscape furnished by the author. The book is of the subjective type with which one is more or less familiar on this eve of the twentieth century, and the study of Alma Wolfe is in harmony with the background of sombreness. Alma is an uncomfortable, irresponsible sort of person, but she possesses interest and individuality for all that, and it is impossible not to follow her curious development from the beginning of the story unto the end thereof. Yet when Mr. Gissing comes to write a new novel, let him endeavor to cultivate a somewhat more cheerful muse. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.)

The Romance of Zion Chapel, by Richard Le Gallienne.—The romance centres about the young minister of a non-conformist chapel in a sordid English town, the young girl with whom his young affections are concerned, and the inevitable "other woman," who takes his passion at the flood. So charming is the story at the first, so full is it of deft characterization, felicity of phrase and imagery, and sympathetic handling of its theme, that the shock and disappointment are all the greater when it proceeds through successive stages of jealousy, renunciation, illness and death to a final catastrophe whose horrors are too severe for all but worse criminals than its innocent yet self-accusing victims. Richard Le Gallienne has accomplished a work of bad art, and the unpleasant impression with which the reader lays down the book seems to have been, unnecessarily, yet most deliberately, created by him. (John Lane, New York.)

Free to Serve, by E. Rayner.—The adventure in the New World of a very lovable girl whose shiftless brother persuades her to give up a pretty English home for the hardships of New York life as it existed (one hundred years ago) are so gracefully told that Free to Serve may well take a high place among the expanding school of literature known as the Colonial novel." Aveline—for she is the heroine—finds upon her arrival in the land that she must work as a bondservant to pay the price of her passage across the water, and from that unpleasant beginning ensues a series of happenings which are nothing less welcome because they end prosperously for her. The writing is cleverly done, and the old-fashioned atmosphere of old Knickerbocker days is reproduced with such fidelity of verity as to seem an actual impression received by one who lived in those times. A strong book, well worth a reading. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

Evangelina Cisneros.—The story of the Cuban reads like a tropical romance. How she was rescued by Karl Decker from the terrible prison of the Recojidas, how she, clad in boys' clothes, she walked the streets of the capital, how she finally escaped the vigilance of her captors and got safely away to America—all these have about them all the glamour of personal adventure, with the additional charm that truth which is sometimes stranger than any creation of the novelist's brain. Miss Cisneros recounts her experiences with a simplicity of spirit which most forcibly appeals to the sympathetic reader, for, as she naively confesses, "I am not used to writing, but will tell my story as well as I can." In addition to the girl's own narrative there is a rather ambitious introduction by Julian Hawthorne, and a matter-of-fact description of the rescue by Mr. Decker himself. The illustrations include attractive pictures of the courageous heroine of this international episode in the history of Cuba. (Continental Publishing Co., New York.)

Thro' Lattice Windows, by W. J. Dawson.—Mr. Dawson has supplied us with such a dainty set of short stories, and has infused therein so much quiet pathos mixed with so many rays of sunshine in the way of gentle humor, that one is sorry when the volume has been finished. That is saying a good deal in these days when books are as many as the blossoms of spring. The tales have to do with the unsensational denizens of pretty Barford, "a town by courtesy, a village in reality, but with many pleasant features of the English hamlet yet distinguishable." Perhaps there is no more delicate story in the series than the Lost Idyll, which sets forth the one romance in the life of an old maid to whom love has become merely a half-pleasant and a half-painful memory. (Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.)

The Bookman Literary Year-Book, 1898: edited by James MacArthur.—A book about books and the makers thereof is sure to exert a peculiar fascination for the reader who likes to watch, even incidentally, the constantly unfolding drama of literary effort. It is for this reason that The Bookman for 1898 comes as an attractive contribution in the list of annuals, and serves to whet the public appetite—always a greedy one—as to the personalities of writers whose work has been of prominence during the past year. There are sketches of Doctor Mitchell, Henry Seton Merriman, Paul Leicester Ford, and many more, while special chapters on The American Serials of the Year, The Literary Output of 1897, Victorian Literature, and kindred topics add to the value of the volume. The careful reader finds many points and questions, that naturally come to mind, unanswered, but these will, probably, be included in the issues which will come out in later years. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A History of Our Country, by Edward S. Ellis, A. M.—So many American histories designed for youthful readers have been written during the past twenty years or more that a new contribution to this well-covered field must have, to recommend it, some features out of the conventional. This element of novelty is pleasantly conspicuous in the History of Our Country, which furnishes a refreshing contrast to much of the literature intended for instruction of the rising generation. The narrative is written in a broad and comprehensive spirit, with the proper attention to the causes of great effects, for, as Mr. Ellis says, the study of history will be lost on those "who read it as a mere story, without a full understanding of the meaning of all historical movements and events." Other welcome characteristics include a list of topics, or a *resumé*, at the end of each chapter, and, what is more valuable still, a series of brief biographical sketches of the men who figure prominently in the volume. The history, which has many fine illustrations, is brought up to President McKinley's inauguration. It should prove a decided success. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

Nineteenth Century Questions, by James Freeman Clarke, D. D.—This volume will be welcome to all admirers of the late Doctor Clarke. It includes many of the papers which excited interest when printed in periodicals or read as lectures. They are grouped under the headings of Literary Studies, Religious and Philosophical, and Historical and Biographical. In both the scope and breadth of treatment accorded each subject, the book is a fitting companion to Doctor Clarke's other works. The papers are all intensely readable and comprehensive. The author has served rather heavy viands in a most appetizing manner. His papers on the Carlyles, Buckle, Voltaire, Emerson and Martineau are decidedly interesting; without presenting a mass of anecdotes regarding these personages, he introduces the reader to these characters as a friend. This collection will furnish wholesome reading of a serious nature. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company.)

In **The Painter in Oil,** by Daniel Burleigh Parkhurst, the author avoids receipts; he deals with principles. He writes not as an abstruse teacher, not as a theorist, but as a practitioner. As a result, the book is not only intensely helpful to the amateur painter, but is valuable to the general student of pictures, for he who would paint a picture and he who would judge one must know the same things—one by practice, the other by theory. Mr. Parkhurst unselfishly gives his readers the results of years of experience, boiled down into a handy volume of four hundred pages. No difficulty could arise to the amateur painter which is not provided for in this comprehensive book. It is oil upon the troubled waters of a young painter's difficult career. The book is not only well illustrated, but well arranged, and well indexed. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

Folks from Dixie.—A collection of stories of negro life and character by Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, whose verses are well known. Intimate knowledge and full appreciation of the strength and weakness, the humor and pathos inherent in his own race, claim more than common interest for this writer's stories, and most of the dozen tales in this volume are of unusual merit. In such stories as Jimsella, The Ordeal at Mount Hope, Nelse Hatton's Vengeance, and The Trial Sermons on Bull Skin, humor and pathos are skillfully blended, and a high degree of merit is attained. E. W. Kemble's illustrations are characteristically excellent, and add much to the enjoyment which the book itself occasions. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

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